

FRONTISPIECE



MÉRIT, crowned by *GENIUS*, and
conducted by *MINERVA* to the Temple of Fame.

THE PARENTAL MONITOR.

Virtue, for ever frail, as fair, below,
Her tender nature suffers in the crowd,
Nor touches on the world without a stain:
The world's infectious: few bring back at eve,
Immaculate, the manners of the morn.

* * * *

Virtue alone out-builds the pyramids:
Her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fail.

YOUNG.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY MRS. BONHOTE,
AUTHOR OF OLIVIA, ETC. ETC.

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THE
PARLIAMENTARY



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PARENTAL MONITOR.

PRECEPTS OF MORALITY.

From vice, sense, fancy, no man can be blest :

Bliss is too great to lodge within an hour :

When an immortal being aims at bliss,

Duration is essential to the name.

Oh ! for a joy from reason !

YOUNG.

MY SON,

THIS and the two following papers are particularly addressed to you and your young companions. Listen therefore with attention to the serious admonitions of a parent, and permit the precepts of parental love and tender anxiety to sink deep into your hearts.

VOL. II.

B

In

In the early season of life, we naturally hope much and fear little: a thousand flattering prospects dance before the gay, unthinking imagination of youth. The voice of experience is too often heard with reluctance and disgust; because it removes the delusion, by telling them that danger lurks in the most promising appearances, and that too often the gratification of their wishes would prove the means of destroying their happiness; and whilst the anxious solicitude of a parent's care points out to them the danger of folly, and the miseries of vice, they turn their eyes, with careless inattention, from the unpleasant portrait, and resting their own security on the bosom of deception, vainly flatter themselves that such disagreeable consequences would not attend them, if prudence should sometimes step aside. Unhappy obstinacy, that will not learn wisdom, 'till it has been taught to suffer by its own weak folly!

A love of novelty is strongly ingrafted in our nature. It may be called the gadding of the mind, which sometimes continues from the

the beginning to the end of life, and often requires the utmost resolution to keep it under proper restrictions: yet a certain degree of this disposition is highly necessary. We begin, in childhood, with an ardent longing after new playthings: in our riper years, we are equally impatient to possess more substantial toys, which we throw by with indifference, to go in pursuit of others. But this busy propensity ought to be kept under strict discipline, or it will become a striking foible in the character; for what was pleasant and laudable in youth, would be ridiculous or frivolous in maturer age. And it often makes the thinking part of mankind blush to see a giddiness of desires, when their thoughts ought to have been more seriously arranged and employed. That love of novelty, which in early youth helped to enrich the fancy, will, at a more advanced period of our lives, only serve to mislead the judgment.

Your sex are much earlier exposed to the danger of temptation than the other. No sooner do you leave the house of your parents,

to be placed in any great seminary of learning, or to be instructed in any profession or business, than you begin to put on the man; to assume his consequence, and ape his manners, before you have learnt his experience. From the school you are often thrown into the great world, and begin to act your part in the busy drama of life, without knowing any thing of that world in which you are to perform your character. This is the moment of danger; this the important period in which you should walk with the most cautious and guarded circumspection, and, like a child which has just left off the leading-string, proceed slowly forwards, lest you should get out of that safe path, in which the fond and watchful care of attentive friends had hitherto conducted you in security and peace.

Various temptations will assail you from all quarters. Pleasure will tempt you into her snares in a thousand beguiling forms: but, be assured, they tempt but to betray; and, if you are once entangled in the toils of pleasure,

sure, you will repent your want of prudence in misery and anguish.

Shun the harlot and her wiles: look not upon the charms of her form; admire not the symmetry of her shape: dare not to contemplate with delight the features of degraded beauty: though lilies and roses blossom on the cheek of those helpless beings, who, like the wild beasts of the forest, roam by night in search of prey, and care not how many they destroy. Enter not, therefore, the baneful dens of prostitution: rather go into those of wolves and tygers.

When the wine sparkles in the glass, and the voice of convivial mirth and noisy cheerfulness call upon you to follow the dangerous orgies of intemperance, refuse with resolution the tempting beverage; remember the poison it contains, and that you must suffer for making too free with the beguiling liquor, by a temporary loss of reason.

Drunkenness is the most degrading of all bad habits, and a vice that is the more inexcusable, because an introduction to almost

every other. What can be so disgusting a sight, as that of a rational creature in a state of inebriety, unable to help or defend himself? All his passions up in arms against him—Reason dethroned from her seat—exposed to a thousand dangers, without any power to escape them, and humbled far below a level with the brute creation!

Never accustom yourself to frequent taverns, but upon urgent occasions of business or necessity. Many of them are the receptacles of every vice; and their most welcome guests, those unhappy mortals, who ruin themselves and families by their own intemperate desires; who, often, whilst they are regaling themselves at the shrine of Bacchus, leave an amiable wife wretched at home; and can see, with unfeeling indifference, a family of helpless and innocent children, exposed to all the horrors of want and misery. Sad picture of human depravity, too often represented in real life!

What can be said in excuse for that wayward being, who forsakes his real friends, flies
their

their peaceful, hospitable habitations, and shuns even his nearest relatives, to waste his precious hours in the noise and riot of a tavern? His mind unsettled, his affairs deranged, his duties and business neglected.—Such a one can never make an indulgent or cheerful husband, good father, true friend, or agreeable companion; and by associating chiefly with men, or the worst of women, must ever appear dull, awkward, and embarrassed, whenever he mixes with a company of both sexes. A bad man can have but little relish for the society of the virtuous of either sex.

The deist and debauchee are often synonymous terms; and the want of a proper sense of the important duties of religion, is frequently the want of every other virtue. Sap that secure and solid foundation, the fabric will easily give way, and every good resolution fly at the first approach of temptation; for, when once people are so hardened and depraved, as to believe they are to give no account of their vices, few arguments can be

found sufficiently persuasive to prevent the gratification of them.

The law will punish capital offences, such as murder, theft, &c. &c. but there are many other crimes that escape with impunity, the cruelty and injustice of which only want to be exposed, to make the indigent wretch, who robs us of our purse, at the hazard, and often at the expence, of his life, appear not only innocent, but more an object of compassion than the victim of justice.

Unhappy, and truly to be pitied, are all those connected with the Deist, Drunkard, and Debauchee ! Even the virtues of those whom nature should teach them to love, vice will teach them to hate, and intemperance to insult, and what should secure their felicity, prove, on the contrary, a source of envy and discord.

The following lines, said to be written by a libertine, deserve to be read with the utmost attention.

I drank ;

I drank ; I lik'd it not : 'twas rage, 'twas noise,
An airy scene of transitory joys.
In vain I trusted, that the flowing bowl
Would banish sorrow, and enlarge the soul.
To the late revel, and protracted feast,
Wild dreams succeeded, and disorder'd rest.
And as at dawn of morn fair reason's light
Broke thro' the fumes and phantoms of the night,
What had been said, I ask'd my soul, what done ;
How flow'd our mirth, and whence the source begun ?
Perhaps the jest that charm'd the sprightly crowd,
And made the jovial table laugh so loud,
To some false notion ow'd its poor pretence,
To an ambiguous word's perverted sense.
To a wild sonnet, or a wanton air,
Offence and torture to the sober ear.
Perhaps, alas ! the pleasing stream was brought
From this man's error, from another's fault.
From topics which good-nature would forget,
And prudence mention with the last regret.
And yet unnumber'd ills, that lie unseen,
In the pernicious draught, the word obscene,
Or harsh, which once elate, must ever fly,
Irrevocable ; the far prompt reply,
Seed of severe distrust, and fierce debate,
What we should shun, and what we ought to hate.

Add to the blood impoverish'd and the course
Of health suppress'd, by wine's continued force.

Unhappy man, whom sorrow thus, and rage
So different ill alternately engage!

Who drinks, alas! but to forget; nor sees
That melancholy sloth, severe disease,

Mem'ry confus'd, and interrupted thought,

Death's harbingers, lie latent in the draught;

And in the flowers that wreath the sparkling bowl,

Fell adders hiss, and pois'nous serpents roll.

I cannot conclude what has been said upon
this subject, with words more to our purpose
than those of Solomon: "Who hath woe?
"who hath sorrow? who hath contentions?
"who hath babbling? who hath wounds
"without cause? who hath redness of eyes?
"They that tarry long at the wine; they
"that go to seek mixt wine. Look not thou
"upon the wine when it is red, when it
"giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth
"itself aright. At the last it biteth like a
"serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

SERIOUS

SERIOUS ADMONITIONS.

Come, then, is happiness thy aim ?

Let mental joys be all thy game.

Repeat the search, and mend your pace,

The capture shall reward the chase.

Let every minute, as it springs,

Convey fresh knowledge on its wings :

Let every minute, as it flies,

Record thee good as well as wise.

DR. COTTON.

OF all the wonders this world contains,
human nature may justly be said to be
the most contradictory and wonderful. Man
is often found capable of performing actions
in the great field of life, that lay just claim to
our praise, and sometimes excite universal ad-
miration : and yet, in his more private and
domestic character, shall be found acting so
different a part, that it is with difficulty we

can be prevailed on to think, the same person could be capable of practising such inconsistencies, and that in defence of some prejudice, perhaps indefensible, or to satisfy some darling passion.

Be very careful to avoid profane swearing; which, though sometimes heard unreprieved in genteel companies, is the meanest of all mean vices, and can produce neither honour, profit, nor pleasure, unless you are so wretchedly depraved, as to make a pleasure of breaking one of your Maker's commandments.—To swear in common conversation, must render your veracity suspected; for he who swears often, must sometimes swear falsely. This vice is of that debased, humiliating nature, that it has not a single excuse in its defence;—'tis vulgar, rude, profane, mean, detestable.

In all your dealings with your fellow-creatures, strictly adhere to the truth: let no bribe tempt you to tell a lie, even by way of jest: and though you suffer for speaking with unreserved sincerity, believe me, no advantage,

as

as to the emoluments of fortune, can repay you for sacrificing truth to falsehood; and I know no character more odious and vile, than that of a liar.

Be uniformly just in all your transactions. Never be led by self-interest to out wit or over-reach any one. 'Tis an old, and common saying, but a very true one, that "honesty is the best policy." It ever proves so in the end; for, if once you are discovered in a dishonest action, you will ever afterwards be suspected to continue the practice of them.

To look into the world, and observe the pernicious effects of any particular vice, would, it might be supposed, lead any rational being to avoid the commission, in order to escape the misery that follows: but, alas! we find it far otherwise; and, till we feel the direful consequence, we are unwilling to believe the secret admonitions of conscience, or the cautions of those who are more circumspect and prudent than ourselves.

I know of no vice more fatal and ruinous in its consequences, than gaming; and yet,
how

how many will venture their whole property on the shaking of a dye, or the turning up of a card, and demolish, with a single turn of the elbow, the labours and industry of successive generations; and, in one hour, squander a fortune, which, perhaps, their prudent parents anxiously toiled their whole lives to obtain, and become the dupes of a set of sharpers, who, by having nothing to lose, can have little to fear. It is scarcely possible to think of this destroying vice with any degree of temper.—How shameful to throw away the whole fruits of a laborious and anxious life, with such unthinking prodigality!—To have the legacy of parental care bestowed on sharpers, and the produce of a life of industry scattered amongst the refuse of mankind, by depravity and folly!—The truth of this address may be read in the ruin of friends and families, whose sad histories furnish many dreadful anecdotes of its fatal consequences, and ought to be preserved as a warning to their posterity.

There

There is not, in the whole catalogue of human frailties, a passion which so thoroughly enslaves the heart, and deadens it to every feeling of the man, the parent, or the citizen, as this fashionable insanity. There is not a vice incident to polished life, that can be less defended. It has not one plausible excuse, that can be pleaded in its behalf by men of honour. Many of the vices of the most dissolute characters, degrading and bad as they are, have nature inclining on their side; which, though not a justification, they make their excuse—They will call rioting and drunkenness the effects of a cordial and generous disposition, led astray by the infirmity of a gay and social spirit—They will, at times, blame themselves for swearing, and declare, they are ashamed of having that unlucky habit; and in like manner form a number of specious pretences for other bad propensities—whilst gaming has not a decent advocate to appear in its cause. 'Tis a sordid, ungenerous, destructive, dishonest passion, to take from others what we do not want, or to de-

prive ourselves of what we know not how to spare. 'Tis pursued with care, anxiety, and inquietude; never enjoyed; and the victim of our own success beheld with trembling and reproach; because we feel ourselves the criminal.

Can gaming, then, be called a recreation? Look on the countenances of those, seated around the baneful table. Every ugly passion may be read in their agitated features, which would be incapable of exhibiting more horror if they were dragged before a Spanish inquisition. Such are its joys, in the immediate practice: whilst its pernicious effects are often felt for many succeeding generations; and the infant unborn will have reason to curse the unthinking being who entailed penury and want upon his innocent descendants. It often arms the ruffian for the midnight exploit, and terminates with murder and suicide.

Avoid gaming, as you would the assassin: it frequently sends abroad to infest our streets; and be not led by the contagion of example

to

to involve yourselves in poverty, repentance and misery : for be assured, the most successful gamester is at best a wretch, whose honour will ever be doubted, and whose feelings, in the moment of triumph, must be sad and comfortless.

Shun low company with as much precaution as you would the tempest's rage, or the poison of the adder. If you associate with bad people, you will not long continue in the practice of virtue : your mind will naturally become corrupt by bad example, your conduct suspected, and your acquaintance disliked and avoided by the worthy and good. Many foolish young men are fond of mixing with the vulgar, in order to be thought king of the company ; and the praises of the worthless render them insensible to the contempt of the virtuous. We are apt to judge of people's dispositions by the company in which we often find them. If, therefore, you form an intimacy with the abandoned, 'tis natural to conclude your own inclination coincides with theirs.

Read

Read the following fable of Mr. Gay's, and learn from the example of the lion's cub, that bad company degrades the most noble, and brings them upon a level with themselves.

THE LION AND THE CUB.

HOW fond are men of rule and place,
 Who court it from the mean and base !
 These cannot bear an equal nigh ;
 But from superior merit fly.
 They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
 And lose their hours in ale and smoke.
 There o'er some petty club preside ;
 So poor and paltry is their pride !
 Nay, e'en with fools whole nights will sit,
 In hopes to be supreme in wit.
 If these can read, to these I write,
 To set their worth in truest light.

A Lion-cub, of fordid mind,
 Avoided all the lion kind ;
 Fond of applause, he sought the feasts
 Of vulgar and ignoble beasts ;

With

With Asses all his time he spent,
Their club's perpetual president.
He caught their manners, looks and airs :
An ass in every thing but ears !
If e'er his highness meant to joke,
They grinn'd applause before he spoke ;
But at each word what shouts of praise !
Good gods ! how natural he brays !

Elate with flatt'ry and conceit,
He seeks his royal fire's retreat ;
Forward, and fond to shew his parts,
His Highness brays ; the Lion starts.

Puppy, that curs'd vociferation
Betrays thy life and conversation :
Coxcombs, an ever noisy race,
Are trumpets of their own disgrace.

Why so severe ? the cub replies ;
Our senate always held me wise.

How weak is pride ! returns the fire ;
All fools are vain, when fools admire !
But know, what stupid Asses prize,
Lions and noble beasts despise.

Instead

Instead of running into the labyrinths of vice, be steady in the practice of their opposite virtues, viz.

Religion will secure you that innate peace, without which all the pleasures of life will be rendered tasteless.

Temperance will insure health. Seek not for it, then, where it is not to be found. Discard all luxurious and idle indulgences. Use exercise. Observe, all nature is active around you. And would you, that should be the most useful, be the most useless? and because endued with superior reason, prove inferior in the habits and purpose of it?

Be sober. To be otherwise, would be to bring a reflection on that Providence who formed you for the noblest purposes: and lose not, for the pleasures of intemperance, the inestimable blessing of a good constitution.

Be industrious: and your life shall be spent with cheerfulness. Time shall fly unmarked by care and discontent. The labours of the day will ensure a sweet and sound repose for the

the ensuing night. Thou wilt then rejoice in thy youth, and thy heart shall be cheerful in old age.

Be charitable: and the blessings of the poor shall attend you. Their prayers shall be heard in your behalf, before the throne of heaven. The merciful man shall surely obtain mercy.

Be sincere: and you will have nothing to fear from the tongue of slander. If you do not deceive, you are in less danger of being deceived. If you do no wrong, you will not shrink from the piercing eye of truth.

In few words: Be religious, temperate, sober, honest, just. Be industrious, charitable, sincere and merciful. You will then deserve happiness whilst on earth, and cannot fail of securing to yourselves unfading bliss in the pure regions of immortality.

An Eastern Apologue.

A young monarch of Persia, led astray by his courtiers, seemed to have no passion but
for

for pleasure, no happiness but in dissipation.— Thus, at a festival, one day, in exulting accents, did he express himself.

‘ I have enjoyed the moment which is
‘ past, I enjoy that which is present, and I
‘ already begin to enjoy that which is to
‘ come. Blest with contentment and tran-
‘ quillity, neither the hopes of prosperity, nor
‘ the fears of adversity, in the least concern
‘ me.’

A beggar, who sat under the window of the palace, and overheard the speech of his sovereign, cried aloud to him, ‘ If thou hast
‘ no anxiety about thyself, hast thou none
‘ about such as me ?’

The king, struck with these words, advanced to the window ; and, after having for some time beheld in silence the miserable object before him, he gave orders that a sum of money, to a considerable amount, should be presented to him.

At the conclusion of the festival, he began to reflect upon his past life ; and, ashamed to find that it had been an uniform series of opposition

position to the duties of his station, he determined to take, for the future, the reins of government into his own hands, instead of entrusting them, as he had hitherto done, with favourites.

He had not been long engaged in the administration of his affairs, when he received repeated complaints of the licentious, the disorderly life of the beggar he had enriched; and, at length, he observed him before the gates of the palace, a suppliant for alms, with hardly a rag to cover him.

The king pointed him out to one of the sages of the court. ‘Behold,’ said he, ‘the effects of charity; behold the wretch I so lately loaded with wealth. My bounty has corrupted him, and has proved a fresh source to him of vice and misery.’

‘It is true,’ replied the sage; ‘for thou gavest to Poverty what thou oughtest not to have given but to Industry.’

PATRIOTISM,

PATRIOTISM, AND THE LOVE OF
OUR NATIVE COUNTRY.

Wealth, titles, lux'ry, glaring pomp, and fame,
Freedom away—reflect disgrace and shame;
Whilst he with whom it dwells in cot obscure,
Laughs at those ills which shackled kings endure.

MOZEEN.

I HAVE ever considered the love of our native country, and a firm attachment to our king and his laws, as a natural and generous virtue: and though the meddling and busy politician, in the middling walks of life, often makes a ridiculous and laughable character, for wits and comic authors to expose and bring upon the stage, the man, whose principles are steady, who is thankful for the blessings he enjoys, and never loudly clamorous at the inconveniences which the emergency of the times may burthen him withal, will,

will, on the contrary, ever be considered in a respectable light, and as a useful, faithful subject.

In every age there will be dissatisfactions, complainings, and abuse. Ministers, taxes, and injuries of various denominations, will be talked of. The less you meddle with state affairs the better. The best politician in humble life, is the man who manages his own affairs with prudence, yet at the same time feels a firm and loyal attachment to his King, in spite of the leaders of opposition, or the favourites of administration, and, if called upon, would endeavour to defend his rights.

How often have the oppressed natives of other countries been exposed to all the horrors and carnage of destructive war! whilst the inhabitants of our own have lived secure and unmolested by every one but themselves, in the midst of plenty, and in a land of freedom. Invasions have been talked of, and destruction prophesied, by prophets as false as the one which Henry the Seventh sent to prison for foretelling his death, without being

able to discover what end he was himself to come to.

Our enemies, it is true, have appeared on the borders of our coasts; but they left them again without making any attempt to disturb or incommode us; being too well acquainted with the spirit of the true-born Englishmen to run the hazard of landing upon their shores with any hostile intention.

Though our fleets and armies during the last war were not crowned with that signal success they formerly experienced, we ought not to judge from events, but circumstances. Let us only look back to the æra of the war previous to the last, when we had powerful allies, and we shall find that both its beginning and end wore pretty nearly the same unfavourable aspect.

The noble, the enterprizing Chatham lies numbered with the dead. But when the phoenix dies, another rises from its ashes. We still have patriots that exert every talent they possess for the good of their country; whose

whose characters deserve to be immortalized.

Born in Old England, attached from principle, as well as interest, to the laws and customs of my native country, a well-wisher to the commonwealth, and a loyal heart towards my king, I feel an honest indignation arise whenever I hear any disaffected men boding, with their raven's croak, the destruction and downfall of its constitution. Much more must be done than has or ever will be attempted, ere the solid foundation on which we stand can be overthrown. We fight, in the glorious cause of liberty and justice, against an army of slaves—slaves not only in political matters, but in the more important business of the mind—bigots to the religion they never had the liberty of choosing, or the spirit to disapprove, their swords are ever ready to pierce the bosom, however guiltless, that does not acknowledge the tenets of the church of Rome; suffering themselves to be guided by a set of men who lead them, blinded by fear and superstition, through a life of

slavery and misery, too often to a death of torture.

How much more godlike, how much more delightful to a humane and generous soul, is the religion we profess. In England racks and tortures are unknown—no Inquisition, to conceal cruelty, and protect injustice. The poorest wretch may serve his God in the manner he likes the best. We think not of condemning any to everlasting misery, because they profess a religion different to ourselves; but believe, that the honest, unoffending conduct of another will meet its certain reward from the Great Ruler of the universe, let his mode of worship be what it will; and have not a doubt but that the effusions of piety and innocence will be as well accepted by our General Parent from the followers of the church of Rome as those of the church of England.

Let us then, with impartial eyes, behold, and set a proper value on the numberless blessings we possess, nor suffer faction and discontent to render us incapable of enjoying them.

them. Let us, instead of quarrelling in the senate or the cottage, unite with hearts and hands in one opinion. Let us ever remain uncorrupted, by bribery or fraud, to support each other, and defend our king and country. Let us be true to ourselves at home, and we shall have but little to fear from our enemies abroad. But whilst traitors are suffered to disaffect the minds of the people, and the parliament meet only to quarrel and find fault with the measures adopted by others, because they do not happen to succeed, no wonder our enemies have dared to be seen in our channel, and that we began to tremble at the numerous forces of France and Spain, which were united against us.

A house divided against itself cannot stand. Is not a kingdom in the same predicament?

The following little anecdote of the great Duke of Buckingham will convince you that he was well acquainted with human nature.

When that distinguished nobleman was in high court favour, a patriotic country mem-

ber of parliament loudly expostulated with the duke on the many grievances the nation sustained by the conduct of administration. The duke, after giving him a very patient hearing, answered—‘ My dear friend, this is but too true: but I have thought of an expedient that will set all things right, and that very soon.’—His country friend inquired what it was.—‘ You must know,’ says the duke, ‘ there is a place, worth five hundred pounds a year, fallen this morning, which I intend putting you in immediate possession of.’—The gentleman thanked his grace, went away satisfied, and thought the nation the happiest under heaven during that administration.

The following will enable you to distinguish the true patriot from the number of false pretenders, and give you a proper idea of the dignity and virtue of that rare, but truly noble character.

ANECDOTES OF PATRIOTISM:

Not what IT IS, but what IT HAS BEEN,
and perhaps NEVER WILL BE AGAIN.

This powerful and sublime passion, by depriving man in some measure of his natural feelings, prompts him to love his country independently of himself. It was owing to it that Decius sacrificed his life, Fabius his honour, Camillus his resentment, Brutus and Manlius their children.

Pœdaretus, of Lacedemon, on presenting himself, in order to be admitted a member of the Council of Three Hundred (the Lacedemonian house of commons, we will suppose) was refused a seat.—Did he, in consequence thereof, labour night and day to excite discord among his fellow citizens, and to obstruct the essential operations of government?—No: he went away rejoicing that Sparta was found to contain three hundred men of greater worth than himself.

A Spartan lady had five sons in the army, and was in hourly expectation of news from the field of battle. A messenger returns from the camp; and with trembling agitation she applies to him for information.—‘Your five sons,’ said he, ‘are slain.’—‘Base slave! did I ask thee that?’—‘Yet we have gained the victory.’—‘Thanks to the gods!’ exclaimed the mother. And she instantly flew to the temple, in order to offer up her thanks.

During a period of the Roman history, Porfena, king of the Tuscans, laid siege to the city of Rome, and was on the point of reducing it to the last extremity. A young Roman, fraught with a noble ardour, repairs, in the disguise of an Etruvian, into the enemy’s camp, advances even to the royal tent; and mistaking him for the king, stabs his secretary to the heart. On being seized, and asked his name, ‘I am a Roman,’ replied he sternly, ‘and my name is Mutius. Thou beholdest in me one enemy who wanted to kill another; and I shall not have less

‘ less courage to suffer death than I had to
‘ give it.’—In the mean time, as if desirous
to punish his right hand for having disap-
pointed him of his prey, he put it upon a red
hot coal, which had been just kindled for a
sacrifice ; and he beheld it gradually con-
sume away, without betraying the smallest
sense of pain. The king, struck with this
prodigy of resolution, ordered him to be re-
moved from the altar, and to be restored to
his liberty.—‘ Since,’ said Mutius to him,
‘ thou knowest the value of virtue, what thou
‘ shouldest not have torn from me by thy
‘ threats, I will freely grant to thy genero-
‘ sity. Know, then, that there are three
‘ hundred of us, young Romans, who have
‘ sworn before the gods, that we will murder
‘ thee in the midst of thy guards, or perish,
‘ one and all of us, in the attempt.’—Porse-
na, equally struck with admiration and terror
at his speech, immediately raised the siege.

Among the prisoners whom Mithridates
took in one of the many battles he fought
with the Romans, an officer, named Pompo-
nius,

nus, was one day brought before him, dangerously wounded. The king asked him, if, should he save his life, he might reckon him among the number of his friends?—‘Yes,’ replied the prisoner, ‘if you make peace with the Romans: if not, it would be a crime in me to hesitate upon the subject.’

In the history of China, we read of a Chinese, who, justly irritated at the many acts of oppression committed by the grandees, waited upon the Emperor, and, after enumerating his complaints, ‘I come,’ said he, ‘to present myself a victim to that death which six hundred of my fellow citizens have already experienced for a similar remonstrance. At the same time I give thee notice to prepare for a series of fresh executions; for in China there are still eighteen thousand trusty patriots, who, for the same cause, will successively apply to thee for the same reward.’ The Emperor, savage as he was, could not resist so much resolution: the above words sunk deep into his heart; and making an immediate inquiry
into

into the grievances complained of, he not only effectually suppressed them, but put to death the culprits who had occasioned so much misery to his subjects.

The same history furnishes another striking instance of patriotism, and that in a female bosom. An Emperor of China, pursued by the victorious arms of one of his subjects, endeavoured to avail himself of the blind respect which, in that country, a son entertains for the commands of his mother, in order to oblige that subject to disarm. For this purpose he dispatches an officer to his mother; and he, with a poniard in his hand, tells her, that there is but one alternative before her, death or obedience.—‘Would it please your
‘master,’ replied she to him, with a smile of bitterness, ‘to hear that I am ignorant of the
‘tacit, though sacred compact, which unites
‘every subject to his sovereign, and by
‘which the former are bound to obey, and
‘the latter to rule with justice? By himself
‘hath this compact been originally violated.
‘Base informer of the orders of a tyrant,
C 6
‘learn

‘learn from a woman, what, in such a
‘situation, one owes to one’s country.’
With these words, she snatches the poniard
from the officer, stabs herself with it, and says,
‘Slave, if yet there is any virtue remaining
‘in thee, carry to my son this bloody po-
‘niard; tell him to revenge his country, to
‘punish the tyrant; no longer has he aught
‘to dread for me, to excite in him a scruple,
‘or to restrain him from the paths of vir-
‘tue.’

In the eleventh century, Godiva, wife of
the duke of Mercia, (a branch of the Saxon
heptarchy) manifested her love for her coun-
try, by a singular exploit. For beauty and
virtue, this princess stands the foremost of
her age. Her husband having imposed a
very oppressive tax upon the inhabitants of
Coventry, she strongly urged him to suppress
it; but the duke, a man of unaccountable
caprice, refused her request, unless she would
traverse the whole town naked. Godiva,
despairing of success by any other means,
submitted to his brutal whim; and having
issued

issued orders that the inhabitants should remain confined to their houses, and not look at her, upon pain of death, she mounted on horseback, rode through all the streets of Coventry, without any other covering than what a copious head of hair afforded her. One man, instigated by curiosity, peeped out of a window; and his impudence was immediately punished with death. In memory of this event, the remains of a statue, in the attitude of a person gazing, are still to be seen upon that very spot of the ancient city of Coventry.

During the threatened invasion of Britain, in the course of a former war with France, when there seemed to be a probability that the actual service of every member of the community might be requested for the security of the kingdom, an Englishman thus frankly expressed his sentiments on the occasion: "As I am neither foldier, nor seaman," said he, "I will not scruple to acknowledge, that I have no pretensions to bravery; but as a citizen, my purse is at the service of
" my

“ my country ; my last guinea will I with
“ pleasure resign for the good of Old Eng-
“ land ; but in no extremity will I be pre-
“ vailed upon to take up arms.”

Of the truth of the following story, which happened nearly at the same period with the above, the reader may rest assured.—In a company, one day, the conversation happened to turn upon the supposed intention which the French had formed of making a descent upon England. A child of about nine years of age, after listening with great attention to what was said, suddenly started up from his chair, and ran forward to his father :—“ Pray, “ papa,” says he, “ if the French come “ here, will they bring any little boys “ with them ?”—“ I can’t tell,” replies the father :—“ but, why do you ask ?”—“ Be- “ cause,” replies the other, clinching his fists, “ I would box them one after another ; “ and give them such a drubbing, that they “ would never wish to come again.” The gentlemen present, as it may be supposed,

were enchanted with this infantine, though noble, impulse of resentment against the declared enemies of the country; and, taking him in their arms, they loaded him with careffes and with praises for his patriotic resolution.

AMBITION.

 A M B I T I O N.

Regard the world with cautious eye,
 Nor raise your expectations high.
 See that the balanc'd scales be such,
 You neither fear or hope too much.
 For disappointment's not the thing,
 'Tis pride and passion point the sting.
 Life is a sea where storms must rise,
 'Tis folly talks of cloudless skies:
 He who contracts his swelling sail,
 Eludes the fury of the gale.

Dr. COTTON'S VISIONS.

AMBITION, the desire of accumulating riches, or acquiring fame, often leads to great and noble actions; but more frequently misleads the mind of which it has taken possession: it breaks through the most tender ties, and madly overleaps every barrier that would oppose its progress; witness the havock it has made since the first beginning of the world, amongst the sons and daughters of

of

of Adam : it first discovered itself in the bosom of Cain, and has since been descending from generation to generation, and given to many unhappy parents a Cain, that has ruined the peace of the whole family.

It carries the warrior undaunted to the field of battle : but it often renders him insensible, or indifferent, to the terrors and miseries of the carnage it occasions : it will send its fordid and aspiring votaries to the burning climes of Africa ; but when they are arrived, it will whisper that the unhappy natives must be sacrificed to that Ambition which brought them there ; and thousands of innocent and harmless people have been sentenced to die, for no other crime, than because they unhappily inhabited that envied, but baneful spot, where gold and diamonds were hid in the bowels of the earth.

Ambition has brought kings to the scaffold, and depopulated nations : it has bribed the philosopher to forsake his integrity, and made the orator dumb. A golden cup is said to have been fatal to Demosthenes ; yet
it.

it has consoled the hardy veteran for the loss of his limbs, and raised the obscure to honours and power: it has enlivened the gloom of a prison, after sentencing its victim to its dreary confines, and tempted youth, innocence, and beauty, to unite itself with old age, ugliness, and guilt: in fact, 'tis a kind of enigma, that cannot be clearly expounded; a passion that, under proper restrictions, may be useful; when unbounded, a frenzy to the possessor, and a dangerous enemy to its opponents: it encourages the poet, whilst starving in his garret, and cheers him with hope, whilst his pocket and stomach are empty: 'tis therefore a friend and an enemy; a blessing and a curse; a virtue and a vice.

So complex and undefinable a passion ought to be admitted to our bosoms with care, and guarded against with caution, before it is permitted to become an inmate there. Ambition to excel in virtue, to acquire knowledge, and to do good, must ever be laudable, and seldom fails to be crowned with success; to be great in every excellence that
serves

serves to improve, enlarge, and ennoble the mind, desirable ; but when it degenerates to the mere aggrandisement of name, or the acquiring wealth by unlawful or dishonest means ; when it can trample on all laws, divine and human, destroying the lives and properties of our fellow-creatures, who are already enslaved by its cruel fetters—'tis then, indeed, a monster, armed at all points, and truly detestable.

Wealth procured by rapine or injustice ; fame purchased by cruelty ; dignity bought by dishonourable practices, or a defalcation of principles, are vague and unsubstantial enjoyments : they will neither buy off repentance, nor bribe remorse to be silent : the means by which they gained their point, prevent the effect they promised themselves from the acquirement ; and they lose the blessing, in the recollection of the method by which it was obtained.

The ambitious man, who has dared to sacrifice his integrity to this his ruling passion, may be assured, that the virtue he has so foolishly

foolishly given up, will haunt him with unceasing regret, and that he will find even a bed of down, though decorated with the labours of the silk-worm, uneasy, as the straw was to those poor victims his ambition sent to languish in a dungeon, or starve in the black-hole at Calcutta.

Th' Almighty, from his throne, on earth surveys
Nought greater than an honest, humble heart ;
An humble heart his residence ! pronounc'd
His second seat ; and rival to the skies.
The private path, the secret acts of men,
If noble, far the noblest of our lives.

YOUNG.

To confine our wishes, and set bounds to our desires, is the province of true, un aspiring wisdom ; to give way to them, or let them become our rulers, is to invest them with authority to lead us from that secure and peaceful path, which alone can guide us to happiness. By so doing, we become the voluntary slaves of our own follies and ambitious

tious desires, and are in a much worse and more perilous situation than the blind beggar, whose only guide, whose only friend, is his poor but faithful dog: he will stop at the first appearance of danger, and prevent his helpless master from running into mischief. Our passions, our ambitious desires, are far more dangerous guides: they will hold out a tempting bait, and we eagerly run into the snare: in vain does prudence admonish, or conscience, by its silent reproaches, endeavour to restrain us, when once we have given the reins of justice and virtue out of our hands, and placed them in those of our enemies: we are driven furiously along, without either discretion, fear, or judgment. The precipice appears in view; but to stop would be cowardly: we go on rapidly, regardless of consequences, till we are left in the gloomy regions of despair, and unavailing repentance.

“ Oh!

Oh! sweetness of content! seraphic joy!
 That, wanting nothing, nothing can destroy:
 Where dwells this peace, this freedom of the mind?
 Where, but in shades, remote from human-kind:
 In flow'ry vales, where nymphs and shepherds meet,
 But seldom comes within the palace-gate.

LORD LANSDOWN.

‘ Hear the words of Prudence, give heed
 ‘ unto her counsels, and store them in thine
 ‘ heart; her maxims are universal, and all
 ‘ the virtues lean upon her; she is the guide
 ‘ and the mistress of human life.

‘ From the experience of others do thou
 ‘ learn wisdom; and from their failings cor-
 ‘ rect thine own faults.

‘ The fool is not always unfortunate, nor
 ‘ the wise man always successful; yet, never
 ‘ had a fool a thorough enjoyment, never was
 ‘ a wise man wholly unhappy.’

ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

Ah!

Ah! wild Ambition, to thy lures we owe
All the great ills that mortals bear below!
Mourn'd by the hind, when to the spoil he yields
His year's support, and vainly ripen'd fields:
Mourn'd by the maid, torn from her lover's side,
When left a widow, tho' not yet a bride:
By mothers mourn'd, when floods of tears they shed,
And scatter useless roses on the dead.

TEMPERANCE.

T E M P E R A N C E.

Wou'd you extend your narrow span,
And make the most of life you can ;
Wou'd you, when med'cines cannot save,
Descend with ease into the grave ;
Calmly retire, like evening light,
And cheerful bid the world good night ?
Let Temperance constantly preside,
Our best physician, friend, and guide !

DR. COTTON.

HAIL! genial TEMPERANCE! Parent of
virtue! sister of discretion! friend to
the young! consolation to the aged! vigour
and length of years are in thy train: disease
seldom dares to appear in thy presence—and
repentance is a stranger to thy habitation.

My children, follow the wise rules of Tem-
perance ; and strictly adhere to her friendly
precepts: they will guard you from a thou-
sand

and ills which lurk unseen. If the luxuries of life are not necessary to your happiness, why should you wish to taste them? And if the indulgence of your appetites serves to destroy your real comforts, why should you hazard a certain good for a momentary enjoyment?

‘Nature, extensive in its desires, wants a rational restraint.’ Decency and decorum must be observed. Temperance must hold the reins of our inclinations, or they would soon go beyond the bounds which reason and prudence require. The Grecian, and indeed all the ancient philosophers, knowing the good which would arise from the strict observance of Temperance, justly ranked it amongst the highest of Christian virtues; and it has been, and ever will be found, of the utmost benefit to mankind, both as to mental and corporeal advantages.

It will be an easy matter to produce a number of instances, in which Temperance proves itself a real friend. It is a guard against various diseases, an enemy to passion, a security

against all excessive vices and immoderate desires, a benign colleague, whose soft composure and steady fidelity cannot fail to render our minds a source of complacency to themselves: in fact it comprizes every quality that can serve to make our lives useful and happy.

Observe the unfortunate being who is under the degrading influence of its opposite vice: you will see him exposed to the rude assaults of a thousand contending and jarring passions, and tossed about from one scene of extravagance and folly to another, till the form of human nature is all that remains; and too often that is so bloated and disfigured by the diseases brought upon it by intemperance, that it remains a miserable picture of human depravity.

TEMPERANCE, though it will not go beyond the bounds of moderation, will not discourage us in any of our prudent endeavours to excel in what is right; but, by being the guide and director of our actions, in a manner insure our success; and whilst it restrains the
the

the eagerness of desire, it checks the folly of too sanguine expectation.

The world has nothing to give, that will raise extravagant desires in the bosom of the temperate ; nothing to take away that can deprive them of that happiness, which originated from a much purer source than the indulgencies of passion, or the gratifications of any ambitious views or delusive hopes. Possessing composure, satisfied with the thoughts of having acted right, and of adding dignity to human nature, they have not to look abroad for pleasure : they can find it in its utmost purity in the sweet serenity of a mind at peace with itself, and therefore are resigned and satisfied with the fluctuating changes that may attack them from abroad ; and by keeping this trusty centinel always on guard, are armed and secured against that tremendous host of foes which perpetually threaten and hover round the ungarded victims of intemperance.

Happy am I that truth will authorise me to assert, that my own sex are more observing

of this invaluable virtue, than those who are called the lords of the creation; who, whilst they proudly vaunt of being made the rulers over all creatures, are too often untaught in the useful and happy art of ruling themselves. Modesty must ever be the friend of temperance: therefore, whilst the female bosom preserves the one, it cannot fail to retain the other.

It may be here observed, that man is more exposed to temptation than woman: I grant it may be so; but if they boast superior strength, reason, and knowledge, why not give a proof of being possessed of all these advantages, by their superior resolution to persevere in the practice of those virtues, of which temperance is the best and surest guard? The person most immoderate in his desires, is the most exposed to danger. The extremes of any one vice or folly are dangerous, and cannot be excused. Dress in the extreme is ill becoming and ridiculous: pleasure in the extreme is often fatal, or brings upon its unthinking votaries the severest punishments.

Temperance

Temperance therefore, is a virtue, as pleasant as it is rational: 'tis aided by reason, applauded by truth, and acts in conformity to every precept of religion and morality: it subdues the violence of desire, checks the career of vice, and must be nearly allied to contentment; it is in itself a treasure more valuable than all the treasures of the eastern world, and founded on a basis, which, if we resolutely determine shall not be shaken, will prove a rock of defence from a thousand perils: 'Tis a pleasure we may enjoy in a world of uncertainty with perfect security.

“ He who robs us of our gold takes trash”—

But he who would deprive us of temperance and a good character, would rob us of a treasure whose value is inestimable. It is the want of temperance in our enjoyments that renders them disgusting and palling to the senses.

Temperance includes in itself every ingredient that would serve to render this life pleasing and comfortable, and is in a manner preparing us for the more pure, perfect, and

permanent enjoyments of the next. 'Tis so true and faithful a preceptor, so friendly a monitor, so unerring a guide, so general, and extensive are its benefits, that I entreat you, my children, if you value my admonitions, never to lose sight of it.

Mildness is a restraint upon anger, fear upon guilt, but temperance is a restraint upon all the passions: there is not one of them to which it may not be recommended as an universal medium; it unites society, and preserves decency and decorum in the world; 'tis not the wayward child of fancy, but the descendant of virtue and peace.

FRATERNAL.

FRATERNAL AFFECTION.

Fathers alone a father's heart can know,
What secret joys of still enjoyment flow,
When brothers love ; but if their hate succeeds,
They wage the war, but 'tis the father bleeds.

YOUNG.

I KNOW not a more captivating and interesting scene, represented in human life, than a large family of children united in the soft and gentle bonds of **FRATERNAL AFFECTION**. How pleasant and soothing the reflection, to have a set of tender and sincere friends in our nearest and dearest relatives ! Whilst, on the contrary, to see brothers and sisters perpetually at variance, or cold and indifferent to the wants and wishes of each other, is a proof that their hearts and dispositions

sitions must be strangely callous or insensible to the finest feelings of the mind. How is it possible, that such children can love the parent who gave them being, when they shew no affection, no tenderness to the brother or sister born of the same mother, reared by the same careful hand, cherished at the same maternal bosom, and watched with the same eye that beamed with love and sweetness on themselves!—Discord and disputes in families are the most unpleasant, the most difficult to reconcile: and whilst brothers and sisters wage war against each other, they rack with anguish the parental bosoms, which love and good will would fill with peace and contentment.

If we cannot put up with the failings of those, to whom by nature we are so nearly allied, how can we expect that our own failings and frailties will meet with any indulgence from others? If we expose the faults of a brother or sister, can we suppose, that an indifferent person, upon whom we have no claim, will conceal or palliate ours?

On

On a steady union being observed in families, much good depends, not only in respect to happiness, but in regard to our well-doing in the world. If we cannot rely on our brother or our sister to support us in our difficulties, in whom can we trust?—If we cannot live in peace with such near and dear relations, our sincerity must be suspected whenever we make professions of regard to others.

The happiness or misery of our lives in a great measure result from the attachments of the heart. Observe then, to be ever steadily attached to those to whom you are tenderly allied by the ties of nature. Though your sister be more admired than yourself, for the elegance of her form, or the charms of her mind, instead of its creating envy or discontent in your bosom, let it excite emulation: and be not so mean and wicked as to dislike your brother or sister, for those virtues and good qualities for which they are beloved by others. Friendship, in its highest, and most exalted purity, should be encouraged and kept up between you. From the claims of

nature you have a claim to integrity, affection and sincerity. If your brother sets off with you in the pursuit of knowledge, and makes a more rapid progress than yourself, let not his leaving you at a distance, keep him at a distance from your heart. Let it rather serve to make you eager to follow his example, and if you cannot equal him in your acquisitions, be not deficient in loving him for excelling even yourself in what he undertakes.— If you cannot form a friendship with your brothers and sisters, your hearts must be incapable of ever knowing that most generous and noble of all attachments.

Let me entreat you, my beloved children, to love and endeavour to support each other through life. Never betray so sacred and delightful an union, by exposing each other's foibles or frailties.—There is a gentle chain which binds all nature; but its links are more strong and binding in regard to parents and children—So strong they ought to be as never to be broken asunder by misfortunes,
dissimilarity

diffimilarity of opinions, or different pursuits.

Remember too, ' That the piety of a
' child is sweeter than the incense of Persia.
' offered to the sun; yea, more delicious
' than odours wafted from a field of Arabian
' spices by the western gales.

' Forget not thy helpless infancy; nor the
' frowardness of thy youth; and indulge the
' infirmities of thy aged parents, assist and
' support them in the decline of life.

' So shall their hoary heads go down to
' the grave in peace, and thine own chil-
' dren, in reverence to thy example, shall re-
' pay thy piety with filial love.'

ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

If any of you should be so unfortunate as to deviate from the right path, and wander into the labyrinths of vice and error, endeavour by your example and Fraternal tenderness to bring them back, and convince them, though others may despise and forsake them.

in the moments of adversity, you are still ready to support, admonish and love them, and instead of repining at seeing the fatted calf prepared for the prodigal's return, you can rejoice at and enjoy the feast with all the gentle transports of affection.

‘ If thy brother is in adversity, assist him:
‘ if thy sister is in trouble, forget her not.

‘ So shall the fortunes of thy father contribute to the support of his whole race;
‘ and his care be continued to you all in your
‘ love to each other.’

ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

ENVY.

ENVY AND DETRACTION.

The passions are a numerous crowd,
Imperious, positive, and loud :
Curb these licentious sons of strife,
Hence chiefly rise the storms of life :
If they grow mutinous, and rave,
They are thy masters, thou their slave.

DR. COTTON.

OF all the base and corroding passions which infest the human mind, ENVY and DETRACTION, as being the most malignant and detestable, have the first claim to censure. Revenge brings with it a dreadful train of horrors, and no injuries can be a just excuse for its obtaining admission to the mind of a Christian. The bosom, enveloped and

and polluted by the snaky powers of either of the above-mentioned passions, can feel no pleasure, know no joy, but what arises from the miseries, distresses, and misfortunes of their fellow-creatures. To think others happy, to hear them admired, or see them carefessed, is a mortification not to be endured; 'tis a wound to their callous hearts, no medicine can heal; and, by giving them entrance to their minds, they entail a painful disease upon themselves, which time cannot cure: it will throw a gloom over their spirits, even in the lap of pleasure, or amidst the splendors of a court, and rob prosperity of its charms. Wretched, justly wretched, must be that weak mind, which admits Envy, or revenge, for its ruling principles! All the benign influence of our blessed Saviour's example, is lost upon such unfortunate beings, and every generous propensity checked, by such vile and dangerous leaders.

Self-defence is the first law of nature. As carefully as we would guard our lives from the sword of the midnight assassin, should we

arm our minds against the entrance of every malignant inclination. Permit them once to over-run the soil, and spread their baneful poison around, every enjoyment will be rendered tasteless, every gentle and generous passion will shrink from such pernicious society.

How delightful and god-like, is the soft complacency of Charity, Benevolence, and Sensibility! Blest inmates of the immortal soul! Cherish such sweet guests, my children; give them the first place in your bosoms; you will then find your own happiness increased, by the happiness and prosperity of all your fellow-creatures. Be ever ready to assist the unfortunate, to raise the humble, to cheer the drooping spirits of a fallen sister; and tenderly endeavour to support and console the thousand sons and daughters of misery. You will find such a temper of mind one continued scene of rational delight, and a never-failing source of pleasure: the good wishes and prayers of your fellow-creatures will abundantly repay you, and the conscious
peace,

peace, the sweet complacency which will attend you, in the hour of secret meditation, will prove an ample reward. How delightful will be the thought, when you address your Maker, that the prayers of those you have endeavoured to relieve or console, had already reached the throne of Grace in your behalf, and that your own prayers are heard, amidst the grateful incense of others petitions, for blessings on your head !

Do good to all : endeavour to love your enemies : forgive an injury, and, by so doing, you will find it unable to wound you : let the art of knowing yourself, be your first study : 'tis, perhaps, the hardest lesson to learn ; but, be assured, 'tis the most necessary : root out of your own hearts every noxious weed of vice, in whatever form it may appear, and the soil will produce such flowers, as will make the path of life pleasant to yourselves, and useful to others. Of this be satisfied ; for 'tis the language of truth, founded on the experience of age—that it is much easier, and wiser, to practice every virtue, than its opposite

positive vice; that virtue will increase your happiness, whilst here; but that vice will not fail to prevent your obtaining it, both here and hereafter.

‘Female scandal,’ says a very pleasing writer, ‘is the bane of society: it is therefore a question, whether there be more actual barbarism and ferocity in the male assemblies of the Turks and Russians, than among the mixed companies of France and the British Islands. Of all the outrages against society and human intercourse, whether considered in a religious, a moral, or social light, indiscriminate attacks upon people that are absent, is the greatest, the most practised, and ofteneft passed with impunity. It is the vice of little minds, under the baneful influence of Envy, which implies an acknowledged superiority in the object of their rancour. The abuse of parties, religions, and countries, all originate from the same base and ungenerous motives.’

As

As the following letter will serve in some measure to shew the injustice and [malicious effects of ENVY and DETRACTION, I think it proper to insert it here.

To the PARENTAL MONITOR.

‘ MADAM,

‘ THOUGH I am not young, I wish very
‘ much for the advice of a friend; and as
‘ from the nature of your present employ-
‘ ment I am led to conclude, that you are in-
‘ clined to be the friend of every one who
‘ requests your advice, I will make no apo-
‘ logies for addressing you: yet mine is such
‘ a ridiculous species of complaint, as I know
‘ not how to describe; a situation so ex-
‘ tremely odd and uncommon, that I am at
‘ a loss to guess whether you will not be more
‘ ready

‘ ready to laugh at, than to pity me ; but,
‘ perhaps, as you are an author, you may
‘ have experienced similar mortifications, and
‘ therefore will have compassion on my
‘ distress.

‘ I am a married woman : my face and
‘ person have no pretensions to beauty or
‘ elegance ; but happening unfortunately to
‘ have a propensity for scribbling, from the
‘ time I had been taught to hold a pen, I
‘ have been looked upon with Envy by my
‘ own sex, and by many of the other have
‘ been thought to have stept strangely out of
‘ my place ; yet my muse is perfectly harm-
‘ less, my employment inoffensive.

‘ I have so accustomed myself to the use
‘ of the pen, that I must either write, or
‘ squander away many hours, which ought
‘ not to be spent in idleness and sloth. In
‘ truth, my books and my pen are absolutely
‘ necessary, to make old Time held by me in
‘ the estimation to which he is justly entitled.
‘ — They are the desert which succeeds my
‘ dinners and suppers, and are as grateful to
‘ my

‘ my taste as a profusion of rarities to the
‘ most voluptuous.

‘ In the spring, when nature begins to ap-
‘ pear in her flowering robes of gay variety,
‘ notwithstanding age has laid his hand upon
‘ me, and marked me for his victim, I live
‘ over again, in my enlivened imagination,
‘ the delightful age of nineteen, and during
‘ the whole of that sweet season I indulge the
‘ humour of romance, and am sometimes led
‘ to imagine a druid in every hollow oak, and
‘ in every castle an enchanted lady.

‘ In a fine summer morning, I sometimes
‘ attempt to scribble pastorals: but all the
‘ year round am much given to write elegies,
‘ for which I have been ridiculed, praised and
‘ censured.

‘ In autumn, I experience the most grate-
‘ ful transports for the bountiful profusion
‘ with which I see mankind supplied: and
‘ then I write on religious subjects, and en-
‘ deavour to do justice to that Being, whose
‘ bounty extends to the contracted garden of
‘ the poorest peasant: whose vegetable har-

‘ vest

‘ vest often affords the little inhabitants of a
‘ cottage a perfume and treat superior to any
‘ found at the table of affluence.

‘ When the snow covers the earth, I look
‘ at its dazzling whiteness with delight, and
‘ even venture to suppose that it was meant
‘ to instil lessons of instruction; that its white-
‘ ness may justly be compared to the beauty
‘ of innocence, and the easy impression which
‘ is made upon it, imports how soon that in-
‘ nocence may be destroyed; whilst the
‘ shortness of its stay may be compared to the
‘ life of man.

‘ When the air is sharp and clear, I am
‘ rather apt to say things more sharp than at
‘ other seasons, and sometimes, in a song,
‘ meant to shoot folly as it flies, ridicule the
‘ vices of the age, particularly if I have been
‘ reading any of the London papers.

‘ But this is not all: I ventured to pub-
‘ lish a novel or two, and from that period
‘ the greatest part of my distresses began.
‘ No sooner had I commenced author, than
‘ every eye was fixed upon me to discover
‘ faults,

‘ faults, every tongue employed in pulling
‘ me to pieces.

‘ If I relieve an object of distress, however
‘ small the donation, it is given with a view
‘ to make people suppose I am wonderfully
‘ charitable. In the fitting up a new house,
‘ neatness was pride, and simple fancy ostenta-
‘ tion. If I wear a cap with a bit of rib-
‘ band puffed upon it, my head is dressed
‘ out like a May garland; or if I happen,
‘ from want of inclination, or am compelled
‘ by indisposition, to appear in dishabille,
‘ people are vastly sorry to see the authoress
‘ turned flattern, and wonder I do not take
‘ more care to preserve my husband’s heart;
‘ for, vain as I may be of the beauties of the
‘ mind, it were better to put rather less de-
‘ pendence upon them. If a few friends
‘ drink tea with me, my mould candles are
‘ transformed into wax; and if I attempt
‘ being hospitable, I am sure to be abused for
‘ extravagance.

‘ Thus,

‘ Thus, Envy, with her ten thousand ma-
‘ lignant and fertile inventions, is continually
‘ aiming her shafts at the peace of one, who
‘ is not conscious of deserving a wound ; and
‘ every little meanness which her malice can
‘ contrive, is put in practice to interrupt and
‘ destroy the contentment of a being, who
‘ wishes peace and happiness to all mankind,
‘ and who scorns to have recourse to the like
‘ meanness, by way of retaliation.

‘ Had I been blest with more than an
‘ ordinary share of wealth or beauty, I should
‘ not have wondered at being an object of
‘ Envy : but, without being the rival of my
‘ own sex, by exciting the admiration of the
‘ other, ’tis surely very hard, I may not be
‘ allowed to possess a little common-sense,
‘ which in this polite age, is thought of very
‘ inconsiderable value.

‘ What am I to do, my good madam ? If
‘ I stay at home, I write, and neglect my fa-
‘ mily affairs ; and if I go abroad, I am
‘ losing my money at the card-table, when I
‘ out to be making or mending my childrens
‘ clothes ;

‘ clothes; whilst every endeavour to amuse
‘ and entertain my friends is mere vanity,
‘ only meant to shew my own wit and clever-
‘ ness. Many of the genteel people in the
‘ town and neighbourhood, durst not think
‘ of visiting a wit: some few, indeed, are
‘ daring enough to venture being sociable
‘ with me; and, when interrogated respect-
‘ ing their opinion, declare, the woman is
‘ very well; but that, for their parts, they
‘ cannot discover any particular cleverness or
‘ oddness in her conversation.

‘ Now, my good madam, as I must nei-
‘ ther visit nor stay at home, dress with de-
‘ cent smartness, nor appear in dishabille; as
‘ I must neither amuse myself with writing,
‘ reading, or walking, I should be glad to
‘ know in what manner I am to employ my
‘ time, or what method I am to pursue, in
‘ order to prevent a misconstruction being
‘ put upon every action. Your advice will
‘ be esteemed a very great obligation con-
‘ ferred on your friend and admirer,

‘ MARTHA READWELL.’

This

This lady's situation is really disagreeable and distressing, though not so very singular as she imagines. Few are fond of allowing superior merit to another, let it be shewn in whatever way it will. The manner in which she has been treated, has at once convinced me that she deserves applause, instead of censure.

The envious railer is seldom sensible that he is paying a compliment to the person he pretends to despise, by confirming, to the more penetrating part of the world, that there must be something to admire, or there would not be such vast pains taken to depreciate. Indeed, it is a compliment few would wish to receive; yet, strange as it may appear, 'tis enough to create vanity, and sow the seeds of pride in the bosom of unassuming merit.

The Parental Monitor advises Mrs. Readwell to peruse the following thoughts on Calumny, said to be written by Governor Hutchinson, which will convince her, that she shares the same fate with the very best

characters. And likewise requests her to pursue the same employments which she finds so conducive to her own happiness, and which she appears desirous of making subservient to the use and happiness of others: to be above the mean scandal and little malice, which can never deeply wound, when undeserved:— and to remember, that ‘a prophet hath no honour in his own country.’

THOUGHTS ON CALUMNY.

‘ CALUMNY may be defined a false, injurious detraction from the character of any person, either in speech or writing. The most abandoned and sordid minds have the least abhorrence of Calumny. He who is but moderately wicked, durst not venture upon it; he who has but a spark of ingenuity in his temper, disdains it. One asked a Spartan, Whether his sword was sharp? he answered, “ Sharper than Calumny.”

‘ The

‘ *The Calumniator* is a general misanthro-
‘ pist; he spares no age, order, nor sex.
‘ He is a general calamity, and wants power,
‘ not will, to be the Phaeton of the world.
‘ He wishes the destruction of the human
‘ race, but the best and most useful men are
‘ his principal objects; for he that aims at
‘ the overthrow of a building, will bend his
‘ strength against the pillars.

‘ United measures for the public good,
‘ give the Calumniator nothing but torment,
‘ and he will stick at nothing to break the
‘ connexion—he cannot bear to see indivi-
‘ duals happy; and if he knows two of kind-
‘ red souls, he is restless, until, by secret arts
‘ and insinuations, he breaks the sacred
‘ bands, and separates Lælius from Scipio,
‘ Pylades from Orestes.

‘ *Calumny* is one of those evils, which, for
‘ reasons infinitely wise, God has permitted
‘ in every age of the world; and the greatest,
‘ the wisest, the best of men, have suffered
‘ by Calumny.

‘ Moses, though meek to a proverb, was
‘ calumniated by his own brother and sister.

‘ Socrates, among the Greeks, lost his
‘ life by Calumny.

‘ *Calumny* banished Rutilius from Old
‘ Rome ; and Calumny deposed Lord Som-
‘ ers, the greatest, the best chancellor, that
‘ had ever been in England.

‘ I could fill a volume with a list of amia-
‘ ble characters which have been wounded
‘ by *Calumny*.—Shall we, then, wonder, if
‘ Calumny spits out its own venom upon
‘ characters confined to the small orb of a
‘ province or colony ?

‘ I have endeavoured to guard against the
‘ vice I am condemning. I have kept out
‘ of my own mind the reputed authors of the
‘ calumnies which have prevailed to so great
‘ a degree. I wish I could excite an abhor-
‘ rence of the crime, and remorse in the cri-
‘ minals.

‘ If Calumny be so pernicious to human
‘ society, if it be a vice in its nature so de-
‘ testable, why is it not every where ranked
‘ in

‘ in the first class, and an adequate punishment provided by all legislatures? It has been seen in different lights by different states, and in different ages. Among the Athenians, the Calumniator was only subject to a pecuniary mulct.

‘ The Romans branded him on the forehead.

‘ In some of the present governments in Europe, Calumny is a capital offence.

‘ A delicate sense of honour had made duelling as frequent as libelling and Calumny; and the only way to prevent the former, was effectually to suppress the latter.

‘ In some other governments and their dependencies, Calumny seems to be tolerated. Is it because that it prevails like a torrent, and it would break through all banks made to stop it? or, Are the people less sensible of its stings; or have they more virtue to bear them? Possibly, false notions of liberty may be the true cause.

‘ In such a government, how shall Calumny be avoided? Where shall protection be

‘ found ? Where shall the injured seek re-
‘ dress ? If Calumny may sometimes lose its
‘ force by being neglected, the Calumniator
‘ generally discovers his malicious wicked
‘ intention, by inuendoes and words which
‘ need an interpreter : avoid, therefore, ap-
‘ plying the Calumny to yourself, although
‘ you are sure it was designed for you.’

PRIDE.

P
abfu
all th
ing
yard

P R I D E.

From wisdom's port how wonderfully wide
 Steers the vain man who grasps the helm of pride;
 Quickfands and shelves obstruct his smoothest way,
 And rocks surround and shut him from the bay.
 Most covet to be prais'd, belov'd, and great,
 But few obtain those blessings by conceit;
 Sweet sounds the fame from other trumpets blown:
 But harsh the notes that issue from our cwn.

MOZEEN.

PRIDE, of all the frailties incident to our
 frail nature, is the weakest and most
 absurd in a rational creature. I would advise
 all those who feel the least propensity to be-
 ing proud, to walk frequently in a church-
 yard; and if that does not bring them to a

E 4

more

RIDE.

more just way of thinking, I should give them up, as under the influence of an incurable disease. 'Tis astonishing to what absurdities pride and haughtiness will lead many of its short-sighted and undiscerning slaves, and yet, nothing under the sun more clearly proves the imperfection and vanity of human folly.

Of what are we proud? Of a fragile body? a fair complexion? a regular set of features, or an elegant shape? Recollect, how soon that body must return to its original dust; how soon that form must be bent down by age, the fairest complexion, the most perfect set of features fallowed by affliction, or disfigured by the destroying hand of time.

Are you puffed up with PRIDE on account of your riches? or does your arrogance and self-conceit originate from an idea of possessing superior abilities, or excelling in any particular art or science? Remember that riches make themselves wings and fly away, and that for every advantage you possess more than others, you ought to be grateful, humble,

ble, and thankful for the distinguished mercies of a bountiful and indulgent Providence. Whilst plenty smiles on your table, and every luxury awaits your call, look not with contempt on your fellow mortals: be not blind to their wants, nor deaf to their cries. Because you are blest with indulgences beyond what are bestowed on surrounding thousands, are you to despise those who are not so fortunate? Is it possible, that what should make you grateful, on the contrary, should render you vain? Astonishing ingratitude and depravity of heart! Instead of shewing to the world you deserve the favours you possess, you are, by superciliousness and pride, taking pains to convince your fellow mortals, you are undeserving the blessings of Providence, and by your want of gratitude to heaven, and tenderness to them, make the unfortunate more dissatisfied with their portion of affliction.

Have you, by industry, or genius, raised yourself to affluence and consequence, forget not how little you once were, nor be ashamed of your origin: neither look with coldness

and contempt, in the giddy and dangerous moments of prosperity, on the favourite companions of your youth. The same hand which raised you from obscurity, could as easily have exalted another. Reflect seriously, and often, on your beginning, and let your humility prove that you deserve the continuance of prosperity, by knowing how to use it properly. If any one forgets their own original littleness, they are sure to meet with a number who will not fail to remind them of it, in order to humble that Pride and haughtiness which ever deserves reproof.

Are you proud of an ancient family? and does the dignity of your rank, or the pompous and flattering sound of an illustrious title, almost tempt you to forget that you are one of the sons or daughters of Adam? Fye on such mushroom Pride! We are all numerous branches of the same family, divided by name, but nearly allied by nature and Christianity. We are all descendants from the same parents, have all the same infirmities, the same wants, the same hopes and desires; and, if it

is not our own fault, have all an equal claim to the favour and protection of our Maker, and are alike entitled to the mercies of that blessed Redeemer, who died for all, and was no respecter of persons. We must rest on the same bed of earth, and at the last day, when we receive our awful summons from the grave, must all arise to give up our account. Then the poor wretch we have injured, or treated with contempt, may prove our superior: then his wrongs will be heard, and his injuries redrest, with the same justice and impartiality as those of the greatest potentate on earth.—Pride and injustice will be punished as they deserve. The wealth of worlds would not bribe our judge. Kings, like other men, must give up their account, and submit to their sentence, from which there will be no appeal. The king and the subject, the man of fashion, like the poor peasant, the princess and her humble attendant, will find their superiority depending on the test of their virtue, and the justice of their actions.

Reflect, therefore, in every change of your lives, on these important truths: let them subdue your pride, and humble your vain expectations. Remember, that at the very moment you are proud of your imagined excellence, you may be summoned to that world, where your consequence will depend on the manner of your conducting yourself in this. Remember, too, that you must leave your riches behind you, must be carried out of the world as poor and helpless as you were brought into it.

Whenever you find yourselves giving way to pride, call to mind your infant state, and the numerous infirmities of your nature. If ever you are tempted or provoked to treat a fellow creature with rigour or injustice, tremble, lest you one day should want their assistance. Nothing is certain in this uncertain world. Whenever you sit down to exult in the abundance of your riches, recollect that you are only tenant at will to your Great Master; and that the wealth you prize so highly will neither arrest the arm of justice, bribe

bribe death to give up his prey, nor procure you so good a reception in the next world, as will be given to the poorest mendicant on earth, if he carries with him testimonials of superior virtue.

Let not therefore riches, beauty, talents, birth, or any accidental advantages, mislead your judgment, by robbing you of humility, and by exalting you in this transitory life, humble and degrade you in one more certain and permanent. Let humility, charity, and good-will to all, entitle you to the continued favours and mercies of your Creator, when you are called from the grave to appear before his awful tribunal; and when you see your Blessed Redeemer seated on the right hand of his Father, let not him who died to save you, witness that he died in vain; and that a weak and presumptuous pride prevented your endeavouring to imitate, so far as the frailty of human nature would permit, that glorious example of humility, mercy, charity and love, which to follow should be the only pride, and the utmost ambition of every mortal.

THE OWL AND THE WREN.
A FABLE.

ONE halesome morn, upon a flow'ring bush,

Hard by his mate recording fat a thrush ;

The rising sun inspir'd his cheering lay,

As yet the only music of the spray,

Save where at hand a little humble wren

Presum'd to blend his treble now and then.

'Twas not to emulate the throftle's lay,

And hail like him, the golden beams of day.

An owl, sage tenant of an hollow oak,

Beheld, and thus with indignation spoke :

“ Vile trifler, cease, my resolution hear :

By the still shades of night, which I revere,

By the thatch'd barn, and by the tenants there ;

On whose delicious limbs I often fare ;

If whilst yon warbler, who delights mine ear,

Puts forth his merry song, you interfere,

I'll bear thee trembling to my callow brood,

And for their stomachs make thee dainty food.”

His pow'r full well the little syren knew,

Vow'd to submit, and to the thicket flew.

Great

Great Jove, who no partial favour shews ;
Who 'mongst his creatures no distinction knows,
Who when the circling spheres began to roll
Look'd on delighted, and confirm'd the whole :
Straight from his bright empyrean hill survey'd
The dull presumptuous tyrant of the shade,
And saw obsequious innocence dismay'd :
His thunders roll, thick clouds dilate the skies,
From his strong arm the levell'd fulmen flies,
And by the bolt the bird of Athens dies.

The clouds disperse, the genial god of day
Cheer'd the vast hills, and made the vallies gay :
The humble wren, such was the will of Jove,
Sang unmolested thro' the leafy grove.

Thus may the peasant unmolested move ;
The tyrant tremble at the wrath of Jove.

GENIUS.

 GENIUS.

In Parts superior what advantage lies ?
 Tell (for You can) what is it to be wise ?
 'Tis but to know how little can be known,
 To see all other's faults, and feel our own ;
 Condemn'd in business, or in arts to drudge :
 Without a second, or without a judge :
 Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land ?
 All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
 Painful pre-eminence ! yourself to view
 Above life's weakness, and its comforts too,
 Bring then these blessings to a strict account,
 Make fair deductions, see to what they 'mount.

POPE.

IT is an usual custom to express admiration
 when any one is praised for the strength
 of his understanding, or his extraordinary
 GENIUS, and to join very readily in the com-
 mendations

commendations of any favourite or popular writer. But, alas ! whilst they praise, and are delighted with the productions of his pen, they think little about the author ; and so long as they are entertained with the effusions of his wit and invention, people in general are perfectly indifferent whether he is starving in a garret, or languishing on a bed of straw, in the gloomy confines of a dungeon. I know no being upon earth more to be pitied, than a man of sense, genius, and education, reduced to the hard necessity of living merely by his wits. His humour and pleasantry may often obtain him admittance to the table of the great ; but when there, he must keep up the mirth of the company, tell a good story, introduce a brilliant anecdote, say a thousand smart things, join in the laugh—when, perhaps, his heart is rent with anguish, and the elegant repast his humorous talents have procured him, is rendered tasteless by the reflection, that an amiable wife, or a family of helpless children, have been starving at home, without

without his genius being able to procure them a single comfort, or necessary accommodation. To write for bread, must be the hardest, the most precarious, and laborious way of earning a livelihood. If, therefore, you have genius, depend not solely upon it for your support: if you have wit, rely not upon it for subsistence; reserve them for the amusement of your leisure hours. But you must fix upon something more substantial and secure, for making your progress in the world. Wit is a dangerous weapon in unskilful hands—it creates many enemies. If you say a good thing at the expence of a friend, you may depend on his becoming a foe. Never, therefore, venture to be witty at any one's cost. True wit may shew its brilliancy, without having any personal object in view, or sending any to their pillow with hearts aching at our satirical talents. Folly and vice will afford sufficient subjects for wit to play upon, without having recourse to real characters, or personal imperfections.

If you have Genius, employ it for the benefit of others ; but (as I before observed) depend not on it as your sole or dernier resort. Nothing is so vague and uncertain as Fame. Its loudest trumpet is not to be relied on for an hour ; and it is most probable, the laurels which should have bound your temples, will be left to wither o'er your grave : or, why where the bright Geniuses of different nations (a list of whom you will find at the conclusion of this paper) permitted to die in poverty and obscurity, to the everlasting reproach of those who pretended to lament, after death, the very beings whom they neglected in life, and suffered to perish in misery and want?—If you have Genius, discourage it not ; neither expect too much from it. If you rely on a precarious uncertainty, you may repent, in vain, the loss of a thousand real enjoyments, which industry and labour might have procured you amongst the unnoticed multitude.

What's

What's *Fame*? that fancy'd life in others' breath!
 A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
 Just what you *bear* you have, and what's unknown,
 The same (my lord) if Tully's or your own.
 All that we feel of it begins and ends
 In the same circle of our foes or friends.
 To all beside as much an empty shade,
 An *Eugene* living, as a *Cæsar* dead:
 Alike, or when, or where, they shone or shine,
 Or on the *Rubicon*, or on the *Rhine*.
 A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
 An honest man's the noblest work of God.

POPE.

The poets of the west, were as remarkable for their indigence as for their genius.

Homer was the first poet and beggar of note, among the ancients. He was blind, and sung his own ballads about the streets.

Plautus, the comic poet, was better off. He had two trades: he was a poet for his diversion, and helped to turn a mill, in order to gain a livelihood.—Terence was a slave—and Boethias died in jail.

Among

Among the Italians, Paulo Burghefe, almost as good a poet as Taffo, knew fourteen different trades; and yet died because he could get employment in none.

Taffo himself, who had the most amiable character of all the poets, has often been obliged to borrow a crown of a friend, in order to pay for a month's subsistence.

B entivoglio chiefly demands our pity. His comedies will last with the Italian language. He dissipated a noble fortune in acts of charity and benevolence; but, falling into misery in his old age, was refused admittance into an hospital himself had erected.

In Spain, the great Cervantes is said to have died of hunger.

In France, Vaugelas, one of the politeft writers, and most honest man of the age, was surnamed the Owl, from his being obliged to keep within all day; and, when he died, he desired that his body might be sold to the surgeons to the best advantage, in order to help to pay his debts.

Cassander,

Cassander, one of the greatest geniuses of the age, could not, with all his merit, procure himself a bare subsistence. By degrees, he was driven to hate all mankind; and, at last, to impute his calamities to Providence. When the priest asked him to rely on the justice of Heaven, and depend for mercy on him that made him—‘If God,’ replies he, ‘has shewn me no justice here, what reason have I to expect any from him hereafter?’—‘Let me entreat you,’ continued the confessor, ‘to be reconciled to God, your Father, and your Maker.’—‘No,’ replied the unhappy, exasperated wretch; ‘you know the manner in which he left me to live—and, (pointing to the straw, on which he was stretched) you see the manner in which he leaves me to die!’

In England, the sufferings of the poets have been still greater than in any other country. Milton, Spenser, Otway, Butler, Dryden, and several others, are, and will ever

ever be, mentioned as a national reproach. Some of them lived in a state of precarious indigence, and others literally died of hunger. And lastly, poor Chatterton, despairing of meeting either friendship, encouragement, or support, put an end to his own existence.

POLITENESS.

Study with care Politeness, that must teach
 The modish forms of gesture and of speech ;
 In vain formality, with matron mien,
 And pertness ape her with familiar grin.
 They against nature for applauses strain,
 Distort themselves, and give all others pain :
 She moves with easy, tho' with measur'd pace,
 And shews no part of study but the grace.

S——T.

POLITENESS signifies, if I am not mistaken in my ideas of it, that conformable and elegant polish of the manners, and graceful easiness of address, whereby people of a genteel and liberal education distinguish

tinguish themselves from the vulgar: 'tis improved, and often acquired, by mixing with persons of superior rank: in fact, 'tis a kind of generous philanthropy, refined by a desire to please, and rendered doubly charming, by the ease and good humour with which it is accompanied: it ought to be inseparably united with the other graces of an accomplished mind. Real Politeness is guided by complacency, carefully avoids giving pain to any one: it singles out the most humble and unnoticed of the company, in order to make them satisfied with themselves, and insensible to the mortifying inattention of the rest of the party; employs every nice and gentle endeavour to extract the thorn of discontent from their wounded bosoms, and omits no opportunity to make them equal sharers in the amusement and pleasantries going forwards, when it can be done without appearing singular. It never takes a savage pleasure in the modest embarrassment of any one, however inferior in situation, sense, or the endow-

ments of mind or person; neither does it, (though complaisant and courteous) overload every one indiscriminately with compliments or flattery. The peculiar excellence of real politeness is being unaffected, natural, unstudied, sincere, accompanied with ease, propriety, and real good humour.

In this sense, and according to this description of POLITENESS, it deserves your attention, and every one should endeavour to acquire a sufficient degree of it to render them agreeable, attentive, and pleasing to society. Unfeeling wit, ridiculous buffoonery, the malicious mimick, or malevolent censurer, may for a moment excite our laughter; but when we recollect the wound they may give a worthy heart, we turn from them with disgust.—Politeness will then, in the most soothing accents of gentleness, aided by every humane attention, endeavour to heal the wound which has been given, and restore the innocent sufferer to serenity and composure: and if it is not employed in
making

making others happy and satisfied with themselves, it can give no pain, and therefore is an accomplishment nearly allied to a virtue, which every one should study to acquire.

Numbers of worthy characters have suffered innumerable mortifications, by the want of it in those with whom they associate: Politeness must ever be pleasing, even to those who are deficient in the practice of it themselves: for no sooner does the mistaken notion take the lead in the mind of any one (however distinguished their situation) that they may say or do what they please, (without considering whether what they say or do will make others uncomfortable and uneasy) than they become a public nuisance to society, and few will be desirous of meeting such disgusting companions.

If, therefore, you wish to be satisfied with yourselves, or have any desire to please others, you must not fail to recollect, that every person has their own peculiar taste and humour, which has a right to be gratified as much as

your own, and has an equal claim upon you for indulgence, as any request of yours can have upon others: the sacrifice of inclination, therefore, must in turn be mutual; in this case, without politeness, all social intercourse and harmony must be quickly at an end.

CONVERSATION.

CONVERSATION.

Canst thou be silent? No; for wit is thine:

And wit talks most, when least she has to say,

And reason interrupts not her career.

She'll say—that mists above the mountains rise;

And, with a thousand pleasantries, amuse;

She'll sparkle, puzzle, flutter, raise a dust,

And fly conviction, in the dust she rais'd.

Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taste!

'Tis precious, as the vehicle of sense;

But, as its substitute, a dire disease.

Pernicious talent! flatter'd by the world,

By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare.

Wisdom is rare, Lorenzo! wit abounds.

YOUNG.

CONVERSATION is one of our most rational and highest enjoyments, and therefore I would wish all my young readers to acquire an easy, and pleasing manner of

conversing on every subject proper for their sex and age; but never to attempt those in which their want of knowledge would expose them to ridicule.

A good memory is a very necessary requisite to make an agreeable and intelligent companion. Diffidence is sometimes an impediment to young people's shewing their abilities in conversation; but that will wear off, after associating a little time with the polite world. Yet, however brilliant your powers of conversing, they must be kept under the nicest restrictions. If so fortunate as to have a good understanding, united with the happy art of shewing it to advantage, you must never attempt to monopolize too much of the conversation to yourselves; but be content very often to wait till called upon to give your sentiments on the subject discussed: and then, be sure to give it with modest diffidence, which will not appear to enforce upon your hearers a certainty of being right in your opinions. If you find you have been wrong in your sentiments, or that you have mistaken
the

the subject, be not captious, or displeased with those who endeavour to set you right; but let your mind be open to conviction, and be ever ready to acknowledge any error you have committed. Such an ingenuous proceeding, so far from being considered as a proof of your wanting judgment, will assuredly prove the contrary, and you will find every one ready to find excuses for you, and to prevent your making any future mistakes.

The babler is a perpetual nuisance to society. It commonly happens that shallow streams make the loudest noise; so those who talk the most, very often talk the greatest nonsense. People who are fond of hearing themselves, have but few opportunities of improving from the conversation of others; and though they weary their hearers, they will not be prevailed upon to believe it possible. To talk much and well, requires a sound judgment, retentive memory, and good understanding, with a vast command of temper: for be assured, if you talk much, you will meet with many severe attacks for the

innovation you are making on the time, patience, and pleasure of others.

Another ridiculous folly which the love of talking makes many people fall into, is telling marvellous and improbable stories; which, by being often repeated, grows tiresome, and frequently brings a reproach on the person's veracity. Some, indeed, have the happy art of telling a story well, and by the introduction of a good anecdote, or witty bon mot, will set the table in a roar. But where one succeeds in this way many will fail, and find their endeavours to amuse repaid with a yawn or a dead silence. This is often owing to a slowness and formality in their manner, or by the improper introduction of a number of useless and unnecessary words: never attempt being witty by design, lest you meet with as severe a retort, as that given by Dean Swift to a young gentleman; who, on hearing that bright genius, by his wit and pleasantry, enliven and produce the most violent bursts of laughter from his companions, started up on a sudden, and, addressing the Dean—' You
must

‘ must know, Sir,’ said he, ‘ I have a great
‘ mind to set up for a wit myself.’—‘ Have
you so, young man?’ replied Swift; ‘ then
‘ let me advise you to set down again.’

Let me caution you against laughing too much in company. Nothing serves to render any one more disagreeable, than a perpetual giggling, without any visible or ludicrous cause. It often excites the fears and apprehensions of those that are present, that they are the objects of your ill-timed mirth—a suspicion, to which perhaps some defect of person or appearance may have given rise. I have seen many worthy and sensible people hurt in this way, by the unthinking levity of youth, who came out for amusement, and were sent home by folly, with the thorn of discontent rankling in their bosoms.

A young gentleman, much addicted to laughing, happened to get into Swift’s company; and, having heard much of the Dean’s pleasantries, was upon the titter at every thing he said. ‘ Where is the jest?’ said one that

was present.—‘ There !’ said Swift, pointing at the laughing gentleman.

The following anecdote of the poet Racine, will serve more fully to convince you of the necessity not to attempt engrossing too much of the conversation to yourselves; let your abilities be ever so shining, or your powers of entertaining equal to your desire of amusing your companions.

Mankind being in general less solicitous to gain instruction than applause, we are certain of displeasing in Conversation, when we appear more attentive to ourselves than to the company around us.

The famous Racine, with a view of disgust-
ing his son from the too eager pursuit of poetry, which he carried to a frantic excess, and apprehensive that he might attribute to his tragedies the caresses which several of the nobility lavished upon him, used often to say,
‘ Think not, my son, that it is my poetry
‘ which procures me all these kindnesses.
‘ The verses of Corneille are an hundred
‘ times superior to mine, and yet no body re-

‘ regards him: they only love him in the
‘ mouth of his actors. Instead of tiring peo-
‘ ple with the recital of my works, I seldom
‘ mention them, and am contented if I can
‘ entertain my visitors with topics that are
‘ amusing and agreeable. My talent is not
‘ to make them sensible that I am a man of
‘ wit, but that they have wit themselves.
‘ Thus, when you see a nobleman pass whole
‘ hours with me, you would be astonished, if
‘ you were present, to observe him frequent-
‘ ly leave me, without my having spoken
‘ four words; but, by degrees, I put him
‘ in the humour of prattling, and he goes
‘ away, still more satisfied with himself than
‘ with me.’

From this little anecdote, of this truly great and penetrating man, the intelligent reader may learn, what all would wish to attain, the grand art of pleasing in Conversation; which almost-wholly consists in hearing much, speaking little, and never attempting to be witty at any one’s expence.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

'Twere treason 'gainst the King of kings,

Should daring man presume to say,

The smallest 'mongst this world of things,

An useless speck of matter lay.

The humblest insect of the dust,

Thro' the same great creative power,

Exists as we; and 'tis unjust

To take a moment from its hour,

MOZKEN.

CRUELTY to the animal world is a heavy reproach on human nature; 'tis not only repugnant to every precept of religion and benevolence, but to every dictate and principle of reason and humanity.

That a great part of the Animal creation were sent for our peculiar use, we cannot doubt;

doubt; and we condemn them to die, without a single apprehension of being guilty of a crime in so doing: but mercy, that divine attribute of heaven, should teach us to deprive them of life with as little pain and misery as possible, and never to destroy any creature that is incapable of hurting, or molesting us. "The poor beetle that we tread upon," says the immortal Shakespeare, "in corporal sufferance finds a pang as great as when a giant dies."

To suffer young people, unproved, to indulge the cruel humour, the barbarous propensity of destroying harmless and inoffensive creatures, would be to burthen and give the world more Nero's and Caligula's. The first appearance of such a merciless disposition, such an unpardonable wantonness of cruelty, should be instantly suppressed, or severely punished. To hear the melancholy moaning, to observe the unaffected distress of any dumb creature, deprived of its young by the hand of barbarity, would, in my opinion, soften the most obdurate heart, and make a lasting

ing impression on the most unfeeling mind. But, alas! we often see it has a contrary effect; and, from a habit of practising cruelty, we become insensible to all sorrows but our own. Even the mournful lamentations of the winged choristers of the grove are heard with indifference and composure. I never reflect on this subject, without feeling a compassionate indignation against such lawless destroyers.

The being who can plan the destruction of a little creature from whom they never received an affront, or sustained an injury, must be insensible to all the finer feelings of the soul; and the ungentle mind which can delight in distress, the hand which can be employed to torture, the eye which, unmoistened with a tear of pity, can behold a dog, a bird, a lamb, or even a worm writhing in agonies of their inflicting, may one day become so hardened as to see the sorrows of a parent, a brother, or a friend, with the same insensibility and stoical indifference.

Never,

Never, therefore, but in self-defence, attempt destroying any part of Nature's family, every one of which has its particular use, and was formed for some wise and necessary purpose.

Whatever dumb creatures you may keep for your service, or amusement, be sure you exert your utmost endeavours to make their lives comfortable and happy, by rendering their confinement, or labour, as little painful and irksome as possible. Let them have every indulgence and convenience you can procure them, by way of atonement for the loss of those pleasures you hinder their enjoying according to their nature, and carefully guard them from feeling any pain you can prevent their enduring.

Study nature: let her be your guide; but read her carefully. Let not curiosity alone be your motive for inquiring into her wonderful productions. To be acquainted with the mere externals, and know no one part of her intimately, is like a young man's going the grand tour, and travelling post through every

every country he has to pass, merely to boast of having been abroad to see the world.

Observe the cementing powers of all nature: the near relation which one part of it bears to another throughout the whole, is wonderfully striking: it is a most interesting and entertaining history to peruse, and cannot be contemplated too often, or with too much attention: it will increase your admiration, and strengthen your dependence on that Almighty Being who formed the chain, and united the links which bind us to each other by a million of generous and connexive ties, which, stretching itself from the smallest atom through infinite space and variety, impels and directs the whole system, from the insect to man, and ascends from the flower, the weed and the worm, to rule the great planets, and confine them to their orbs.

To acquire a relish for the beauties of nature, animate or inanimate, will serve to heighten every innocent enjoyment and recreation in life. Not a garden, shrubbery, field, or common hedge, but will afford materials

terials to create surprise and admiration; and in every one of their diversified beauties you will, with gratitude and astonishment, be able to trace the wisdom and benevolence of that all-powerful hand which has bestowed such various blessings on rational beings, and at the same time provided such convenient and comfortable accommodation for every living thing that crawls upon the earth—a sure proof that the Almighty architect of all nature thought none that he had formed unworthy his bounty and protecting care.

A thousand pleasant reflections and agreeable surprises accompany those whose thoughts and attentions are employed in observing the wonders of nature: for be assured, the pleasures of the mind are the only solid and rational to be found on earth—a truth which even that voluptuous epicure in pleasure, Lord Chesterfield, could not deny.

Among all the social affections, universal benevolence is the most generous and enlarged, the most lovely, venerable and captivating: it embraces the whole human race:

'tis

'tis not to be confined within the narrow limits of one family, or even one kingdom, but includes all without distinction. The complacency and comfort we feel, whenever we do a good action, must convince us, that in a constant and regular practice of benevolence, a perpetual source of pleasure will be found, a satisfaction inexpressibly delightful: because we are then acting in conformity to the united dictates of reason, religion and nature, and following the bright example of our blessed Redeemer.

Mr. Pope has finely expressed himself on this subject, in the following beautiful lines :

Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake ;
The center mov'd, a circle strait succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads ;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace,
His country next, and next all human race ;
Wide, and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in of ev'ry kind ;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

CHRISTMAS-

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

AND THE ANGEL SAID UNTO THEM, FEAR
NOT: FOR BEHOLD, I BRING YOU GOOD
TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY, WHICH SHALL BE
TO ALL PEOPLE.

FOR UNTO YOU IS BORN THIS DAY, IN THE
CITY OF DAVID, A SAVIOUR, WHICH IS
CHRIST THE LORD.

ST. LUKE.

THOUGH I have no particular objec-
tion to many of our new customs and
fashionable habits, I own, I feel a real regret
at seeing so little attention paid to many of
the old ones. The neglect of observing, with
every mark of hospitable piety, CHRISTMAS-
DAY, stands first amongst the number. A
day of so much importance to mortals, ought
to

to be observed with the strictest attention, and inspire our souls with the most lively gratitude.—'Tis mortal's highest festival! On that sacred day, love, good-will, and benevolence, should alone find room in our souls.—A Saviour was born to die for all: it is, therefore, the duty of all to rejoice, and unite to keep this day in all the sublime beauty of holiness. At this holy, interesting, and important season, why will not the rich, affluent, and great, withdraw from scenes of dissipation, and, as in former times, make a little jubilee amongst their poor neighbours and dependants?

I cannot help regretting, that this ancient and laudable custom of paying due respect to the sacred season of Christmas, which formerly used to be universally observed, should be nearly exploded, both in town and country. The hospitality, which in the days of our ancestors was kept up on this occasion, reflected the highest honour on the rich; whilst it diffused, in conformity to the temper of the blessed Saviour, whose birth it served to commemorate, its comfortable influence in the

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cottage of the poor and needy. Surely, a custom so generous and beneficial, deserves the attention of the rising generation to revive, and bring once more into fashion.

But, at the same time, they should endeavour carefully to suppress all licentiousness and intemperance, which the lower order of people might otherwise think themselves authorised to practise. Vice is at all times disgraceful and improper; but surely more peculiarly so at this sacred and soul-enlivening period; which, though a season of universal joy and gladness, deserves every demonstration of praise and gratitude, confined within the bounds of temperance, and guided by the dictates of religion. Let your songs be songs of praise, and your joy the grateful effusions of hearts bending before the shrine of Omnipotent Mercy. Forget not your Redeemer, in the noisy clamour of intemperate mirth; and lose not the remembrance of his sufferings, in the mazy windings of the dance. This, though the proper season for every innocent relaxation from business and care,

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is likewise the season of devotion, and ought to awaken, in the mind of every Christian, the highest sentiments of gratitude and piety. Our joy and cheerfulness should originate in the sweet reflection, that a Saviour was born unto mankind. That thought would chasten our pleasures, at the very moment it gave them their highest relish.

Never can acts of charity and benevolence be more properly exercised than at this important æra, when nature is confined in its coldest and most cheerless dress; when numbers are lingering on beds of sickness, and too often wanting the common necessities of life, to support them in the trying hours of affliction. When they thus are compelled, by hard necessity, to stretch out their feeble arms for assistance, withhold not the hand of all-cheering benevolence. Indulge not yourselves in luxurious and artificial wants, whilst so many of your fellow creatures want to be supplied with necessities. Let not your table be loaded with delicacies, if you know the famished soul is languishing for food, or the
naked

naked body destitute of cloathing. Such considerations will surely have weight with every mind that has not lost all sense of feeling, compassion, and humanity.

Let not either rank, fortune, or the gay allurements of pleasure, prevent your sometimes entering those scenes of misery, which only to see can be believed; and when you retire from them, forget them not. Recollect, how very small the portion taken from your purse, will relieve extreme distress; and though, my children, you should not be blest with affluence, though you have but a very moderate share of fortune's favours, deny not yourselves the most exalted gratification the mind can enjoy, that of giving your mite to comfort the afflicted, and relieve the distressed. Give the poor and needy, as far as you can, the power of rejoicing with you.

Ah ! little think the gay, licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround ;
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton ; often cruel, riot waste :

Ah !

Ah ! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death,
And all the sad variety of pain.
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt man and man.
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms ;
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty.

THOMSON.

Did we give ourselves time to reflect more
frequently on scenes like these,

Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
And heedless rambling impulse learn to think ;
The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wish Benevolence dilate ;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh ;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss
Refining still the social passions work.

THOMSON.

AVARICE.

A V A R I C E.

Curst Av'rice, more insatiate than the sea,
Nor pow'rs divine or human limit thee;
Where'er thou clasp'st thy merc'less cruel paw,
Down goes the ties of friendship, reason, law:
Relation and religion yield to pelf,
And all things center in the miser's self.
Starving in plenty, lest he should be poor,
He draws a beggar's breath 'midst kingly store.

MOZEEN.

A VARICE is a passion the least to be accounted for of any to which the mind of man is subject; yet the dominion of this fordid humour, when once it has obtained an ascendancy over the heart, reigns with more uncontrouled and arbitrary sway than almost any other.—The love of gain, the desire of

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being

being distinguished for the abundance of our riches, is the most insatiable and unsatisfied of all unaccountable desires.

It is natural to suppose, that we should be actuated to covet wealth, in order to procure ourselves the comforts, conveniencies, and indulgencies of life; but with the sordid it is far otherwise: he will toil early and late, and eat the bread of care; he is eager to obtain wealth, not to do good, not to dispense and distribute it, in order to make his family and friends happy, but to conceal it from every eye but his own—to tell it over—and then return it to the iron chest, which, like his own heart, is closed to all but one. The genial and interesting ties of nature lose their subduing influence on minds like these. Parents, children, friends, the cries of poverty, the lamentations of misery, plead in vain, if gold is the boon requested: and what is still more mysterious and difficult to expound in this enigmatical humour, is, that in the midst of unbounded plenty, the miser will often be content to experience the miseries of penury, and

and the humiliating appearance of necessitous indigence; and he finds a perpetual source for repining and discontent, from being obliged to satisfy the craving and necessary wants of his own frail nature: but to the wants of others he is totally insensible and indifferent. His heart is inaccessible to every gentle feeling, which, in generous minds, so nobly distinguishes human nature from that of the brute; but the avaricious have no other enjoyment than in the mere accumulating wealth, which is rendered useless to themselves, by their own sordid humour, and obnoxious to others, by seeing fortune bestowed on beings, so unworthy the envied indulgence for which so many diligent and deserving people toil with unremitting industry through life, and yet can never obtain.

It is said, that Sir George Caulfield, who was some time Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench in Ireland, and who, it was reported, left his whole fortune, which was immense, to his Majesty, to enable him to carry on the American war, was one of the

greatest misers ever Europe produced, Swift's famous Damer not excepted. He scarcely allowed himself the common necessaries of life: a breast of mutton, at a penny a pound, he esteemed a treat, and made many complaints, when called upon to pay for it. He had a Borough that returned two members, which he always sold to the best bidder. In making the bargain, he likewise engaged to return the members without expence, for which he charged, in his estimate, thirty pounds. On the day of election, next after his present Majesty's accession, he attended, and having gone through the formalities of returning the members, the dinner he ordered was two eggs, butter, and a loaf: his drink was a pot of ale, and the whole reckoning amounted to fivepence halfpenny. The bill being delivered, while Caulfield was perusing the sum total, the landlord informed him of a mistake, which was the omission of the servants beer. This augmented the reckoning to sevenpence halfpenny. He refused to pay the addition; but after some altercation threw down

down sixpence halfpenny, and desired the astonished landlord to seek the other penny from the extravagant rascals who contracted the debt.

Such characters as the above are detestable, and we will hope, for the honour of human nature, are rarely to be met with. Yet, it has been many times observed, and, I believe, with some truth, that the most fordid and avaricious will at times feel a sudden and irresistible impulse of doing a generous action, either in a moment of self condemnation, or feeling, perhaps, a degrading consciousness of their own meanness: they are urged by this momentary fit of penitence to get rid, in some degree, of the ignominy of being stigmatized for oppressing the humble, and laying such heavy burdens on those so unfortunate as to be dependant on their bounty; they will even condescend to promise, with an appearance of candour and generosity, friendship and a desire to serve you; and, in order to confirm their sincerity, will enter, with apparent readiness, in-

to an agreement which may appear so advantageous, as shall make the dejected and desponding heart exult with the exhilarating transports of grateful joy. But place not your reliance on minds like these, with the sweet hopes of security: the next hour may bring with it other thoughts and far different designs, and the small pittance which the niggard bounty that the right hand gave, the mean cunning of the left will most assuredly take from you, under the specious appearance of some just claim; and if you dare to utter a complaint, or venture an expostulation, you are peremptorily desired to carve your own fortune in future, without expecting farther assistance. One of the greatest blessings of independence, is the being freed from the slavish and galling fetters of the sordid and oppressive, whose cold and stony hearts are inaccessible to every feeling but that of self, who can never know what it is to possess a true friend, because their greatest pleasure and utmost ambition is to reign the stern tyrant of dependent slaves, and whose only pleasure, from

from holding any intercourse with their fellow creatures, arises from the pride of being able to say to one man, go, and he goeth, to another come, and he cometh; who consider friendship as nonsense, the love of society a crime, and every generous sentiment as an enemy, who would rob them of their beloved treasure, and those who dare to practise them as vain prodigals, who squander the greatest good in life. In fact, 'tis the avaricious only who deprive themselves of all the real enjoyments which fortune will afford its possessors, whilst they have sense to be benevolent and liberal, without profusion or extravagance, and have a sufficient stock of prudence to preserve their property, without degenerating into meanness or oppression.

Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,

Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?

Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,

For him as kindly spreads the flow'ry lawn:

Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?

Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.

Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note;
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer:
The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

POPE.

SUPER-

SUPERSTITION.

Vainly we seek for true perfection here,

It's only lodgment far beyond the clouds;

Tho' pious, charitable, wise, sincere,

Error's black mist mends clearest reason shrouds.

MOZEEN.

SUPERSTITION is the terror of weak, undiscerning and uneducated minds, and often produces numberless distresses, and many anxious thoughts to the ignorant and timid, whilst it is a fair subject for ridicule to the more wise and experienced. *The death watch* has kept many a one from partaking the balmy and refreshing sweets of repose, by impressing a thousand gloomy apprehensions upon the mind of the terrified listener, that the most distressing events would certainly happen to themselves

themselves or families, from the portentous warning of this invisible tick, tick; whilst the death, of which it was the unimportant, but unwelcome harbinger, was, according to the most rational way of accounting for it, only that of a poor harmless fly; whose faint efforts and fruitless struggles to defend its life, (against its known enemy, the spider) occasioned an immortal being to tremble for their own.

It has frequently been known, that a person who has been able to encounter many of the severest trials with the utmost fortitude and resolution, would not have ventured to pass through a church-yard at the awful midnight hour, even to have obtained an immediate release from a number of real distresses. This humiliating and troublesome weakness, often takes its rise from the superstitious folly of those who have had the management of our infant years. The stories which are told by the ignorant nurse, to amuse and entertain their little charge, has often left an impression of fear and Superstition on the mind, which

which neither time, good sense, or the united exertions of parental tenderness, or authority, could ever entirely eradicate. This dangerous weakness should therefore be unremittingly guarded against, by those who are intrusted with the care of youth, and every tendency to encourage its encroachments, resolutely combated by those of maturer years.

Ghosts are, even in this enlightened age, the bugbear and terror of thousands, particularly amongst the lower ranks of people. No sooner has night overspread the heavens with her sable mantle, than this unaccountable dread, which had been driven from their minds by the cheerful light of day, returns with its accustomed force; and, if they are under the necessity of travelling through any unfrequented path, after the sun has withdrawn his rays, though the bright beams of the moon illumine their paths, they see an imaginary ghost in every tree, gate, or stile; and when they retire to their apartments by themselves, are in a continual dread, lest their

curtains should be undrawn by the hand of some visible or invisible spectre; and the least noise, however easy to be accounted for by those happily devoid of fear, is, by the timorous and superstitious, supposed a warning from the grave, designed either for themselves or friends.—Thus the hours, which should be passed in undisturbed repose, in order to re-animate their frail nature with fresh vigour, to encounter the cares and business of the day, are rendered, by these weak, yet distressing apprehensions, the most wretched of their lives.

There are a number of other mortifications which attend the superstitious, and which, though less terrific, are accompanied with anxiety. How provoking, yet how absurd and laughable, that the pleasures of a walk in the finest summer evening, should be interrupted by the unmeaning and simple croaking of a raven, that chanced to wing its flight over our heads!—A dinner spoiled by spilling a little salt!—A night's rest destroyed by the screeching of an owl, or because a

coal

coal flew from the fire in the fancied shape of a coffin, or a winding-sheet hung pendant with tremendous foldings from the candle!—whilst, perhaps, the very persons, thus easily and frivolously alarmed by the inventions of the ignorant and superstitious, can read an account in the public papers of an earthquake having depopulated a whole city, with less regret and terror than they can hear the simple and natural howling of an house dog beneath their window. And many a fair bride has been gloomy in her bridal finery, and sad amidst the gratulations of rejoicing friends, because the sun has not shone upon her wedding-day; from which circumstance future misery has been predicted, by that tormenting sybil, SUPERSTITION.

What a mortifying and degrading picture is the above of human folly! The real miseries of life are abundantly sufficient to put our fortitude to the test, without having recourse to evils which can only exist in a deceived and deluded imagination. Be well assured, that no one will ever rise from their graves,

to disturb the peace of those they have left behind them, and that, if we had nothing more to fear from ourselves, our passions, or our fellow mortals, than we have from any supernatural appearance, we might rest in any place, or in almost any part of the globe, in perfect security. If omens were permitted to warn us of our dissolution, or any impelling evil, they would (it is presumed) be attended with more awful and alarming circumstances, than any of the above-mentioned.

Despise, then, resolutely contemn and disbelieve all these absurd and futile inventions: and let not a dream, which, from the airy and unconfined excursions of the never-dying soul, may have tortured your sleeping fancy, distress your waking imagination, or, for one invaluable moment, lessen your firm dependence on that all powerful Being, who presides with watchful care over every creature he has formed.

Ye, who are blest with innocence, and un sullied purity, what can you have to fear from

from the peaceable and cold inhabitants of the grave? Even could they be permitted to re-visit their native earth, their visit could not be hostile or prejudicial to you. Happily for those who are gone before, and for us that are left behind, and have the great debt of nature still to pay, they find too secure and sound repose, to disturb the peace of their former loved companions. Listen not, therefore, to the paltry contrivances of superstitious ignorance, even in the most trifling matters, thereby adding fictitious cares and inquietudes to the real troubles of a short and busy life. Sufficient are the unavoidable evils, which beset and incommode our weary pilgrimage, without increasing, by this inexcusable pusillanimity, the long and sad catalogue of human miseries.

CONDUCT

CONDUCT TO SERVANTS.

There is an old poor man,

Who after me hath many a weary step

Limp'd in pure love ; 'till he be first suffic'd,

Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,

I will not touch a bit.

SHAKESPEARE.

AKIND and tender attention is due from the affluent to the deserving part of their fellow-creatures, though undistinguished by the accidental advantages of birth, rank or fortune : to alleviate their sorrows, compassionate their distresses, and lighten their burden of woe, a duty incumbent upon those who enjoy any of the above attractive and envied indulgences.

The Almighty, for wise and good purposes,

poses, has thought fit to place his children in very different situations; but at the time he has done so, he has likewise, by that invisible chain with which he has so uniformly and nicely connected all nature, made the one absolutely necessary to the happiness and convenience of the other. The great could not enjoy their riches, without the assistance of the poor; neither could the poor receive the reward of their labour, had there been no inequality of station. To consider those as disregarded by Providence, and unworthy our attention, who are placed in a state of servitude and dependence, would be the height of cruelty; and not only unjust to our fellow-creatures, but an affront to that Being with whose favour they are undoubtedly honoured equally, or perhaps in a superior degree to ourselves.

A good and faithful servant is a treasure of inestimable value, a character truly respectable, and deserving of our utmost indulgence. I never knew any good and truly amiable, who treated their servants with unkindness

unkindness and severity. Though indebted to their masters for support, their labours are an equivalent for the wages they receive. I may venture to say their wages are often unequal to their desert,—people sometimes not having it in their power to repay their honest endeavours to serve them with the liberality they deserve. But 'tis in every one's power to treat them with civility and kindness; and to recollect that they have not only the same form, but the same desires, wants and wishes as themselves; are liable to the same sorrows and infirmities, without the means of indulging the one or alleviating the other. How gratifying, how delightful, to a generous mind, to make a state of dependence and servitude as easy as possible to the worthy and industrious! How much more delightful to be obeyed with the willing heart of affection, than driven to do so by the servile influence of fear! How pleasant to be received, after any temporary absence from our own house, with the smiling countenance of a worthy domestic, an eye lifted

up

up with an humble, but grateful delight, and a number of little attentions, which speak in expressive silence, the sincerity of their attachment, and which add a number of additional comforts to our own home !

Though it would be highly improper for young people to associate with their servants, and to converse with them in the same unre-served manner as they would with an equal or a superior: though it would bring them down on a level with their dependants, and would shew a want of judgment and knowledge of the world, to make them the confidants of their secrets, which would give them an authority and freedom they otherwise would never dare to assume, it is equally reprehensible to treat them with contempt, to speak to them upon every occasion in the accents of austerity and harshness; to suspect their honesty without just cause, or appear cold and insensible to their endeavours to please. Authority may be preserved without unkindness, and a proper distinction kept up without either pride, reserve, or coldness.

When

When we consider that the good character of a servant is their only inheritance, it would be cruel and unjust to deprive them of that valuable portion through caprice or prejudice. That there are a number of bad people in all situations is a truth, however unpleasant, not to be denied: but it would be very hard for all to be suspected because some will err. In my opinion it is far better to be often deceived, than to live under the perplexing influence of continual distrust.

Many of the servants in genteel families have been reduced, perhaps, to their humiliating situations by the imprudence of their parents, or by many other unavoidable misfortunes, whose education may have been as liberal as theirs whom a reverse of fortune has reduced them to serve, and whose flattering prospects once promised them better days and far more exalted views; who once knew what it was to have every indulgence at their own command, without any reason to apprehend being deprived of them. Surely, such blameless sufferers, whilst they

submit

submit to their change of fortune with cheerful humility, are entitled to our tenderest regard, and have a just claim upon our benevolence to make them feel as little inconvenience as possible from a state of dependence, to which, so uncertain is every thing on earth, it may one day be our turn to submit.

The meanest, the most despised of human beings, may, if treated with cruelty and injustice, prove a dangerous enemy; or, on the contrary, rise so far superior to his present station, as to be a valuable and useful friend: therefore, from motives of policy, as to worldly matters, as well as from all those of a more captivating and generous nature, it is far better to behave with an uniform steadiness of humanity to those you have it in your power to make happy or miserable, than to extort an unwilling compliance to any unreasonable commands, with unfeeling and rigid severity.

I have often heard it observed, that, to
know

know a person's real character, you must see them in their own family. To hear any one speak improperly to their servants, or to see them compelled to submit to their pride, caprice, or ill humour, must give the careful observer a mean opinion of their disposition. It calls in question, not only their want of knowledge, as to the duties of their station, but a want of good temper, which is a jewel of such value as should ever be preserved with care.—'Tis so becoming an ornament as never should for one hour be laid aside: it will make the plainest form agreeable; prove a prevailing advocate in procuring friends, and has been known to disarm the most resolute and determined enemy of their resentment. A person blest with an uniform sweetness of temper, will ever be admired, respected, and beloved: it never can be seen in a more interesting point of view, or its sincerity and sweetness be more fully proved, than by its benign exertions to render dependants happy, and satisfied with their humble station. To be
perpetually

perpetually out of humour for every frivolous trifle, and to make others wretched for our capricious disappointments, serves to shew a weakness of understanding, and a total want of that considerate humanity, which would scorn to lessen its own regrets at the expence of a fellow-creature, though that fellow-creature be a servant. The very name, if properly considered, should make every one desirous of proving themselves kind masters, or indulgent mistresses.

Sir William Auburn's family lived in a most luxurious and fashionable stile, till perpetual dissipation had so far reduced their fortune, as to oblige them to retire into the country, in order to save expences. They had only one son and a daughter, who, from being accustomed to gaiety and extravagance, accompanied their parents with unwillingness and discontent. Miss Auburn was naturally of a sweet and placid disposition, and very soon became perfectly conformable to their necessary change of life: but her brother Edmund found it impossible
to

to reconcile himself, or humble his proud spirit to the degrading and mortifying alteration, notwithstanding his father and mother had endeavoured to convince him of the necessity to retrench, and expressed their sorrow for having, by their obstinate imprudence, made the change not only prudent, but unavoidable.

The house steward was the only one in the family who had dared to acquaint Sir William of the deranged state of his finances; and, in the all-persuasive language of truth and friendly warmth, pointed out the danger of any longer deferring the plan of retiring. He was a good and venerable old man, who had held the same place under Sir William's father, and ever maintained a character free from reproach. Edmund, by some means or other, discovered that Godfrey had put these prudential notions into his father's head; and therefore took every opportunity to ridicule, teaze, and mortify this worthy and faithful servant, who at length grew so weary of his situation, that he

he determined to leave his place. He had, fortunately, a few years before, a pretty estate, descended to him at the death of a distant relation, and had saved a considerable sum during the time he had lived in Sir William's family, exclusive of a very handsome legacy left him by a former master. When he informed Sir William and his lady of his intention to quit their service, they were much hurt and surprised, and even condescended to request, that he would give up his design: and begged to know if he had met with any thing particularly disagreeable, that had determined him to leave them. Miss Auburn, who really loved the good man, burst into tears, and inquired how he could be so unkind as to think of leaving her father; adding, that she hoped she had never given him any offence, or any cause of complaint. 'For shame, Caroline!' exclaimed her brother, 'do not degrade yourself by asking such humiliating questions of a servant! What business have such people to be offended? If the old fellow thinks he can do better,

‘ let him go: I am persuaded we shall do
‘ as well without him: his old-fashioned
‘ honesty, and busy impertinence, have caused
‘ sufficient revolutions in this family. If he
‘ stays any longer, he may make still farther
‘ innovations; and by and by you and I
‘ must submit to be under his tuition, as my
‘ father has already been too much for our
‘ happiness.’—Sir William desired his son to
be silent; and honest Godfrey thus addressed
his master:—

‘ The cause of my leaving you, Sir, is now
‘ sufficiently explained, and that by the per-
‘ son who occasioned me to form the resolu-
‘ tion, or it otherwise never should have been
‘ explained by me. I am too old to be in-
‘ sulted, and too honest to deceive a master,
‘ for whom I shall ever retain the sincerest
‘ respect. My heart is distressed at leaving
‘ this house, but go I must; I cannot join
‘ with others to betray him into misery,
‘ neither can I submit to connive at the vices
‘ of his son. My ever dear Miss Auburn, I
‘ love you as my child. I admire your vir-

‘ tues, and own your sweetness:—if ever you
‘ want a friend, condescend to remember old
‘ Godfrey; it may one day be in his power
‘ to convince you, that the humblest of your
‘ attendants may be a sincere friend.’

In a short time Godfrey left Sir William’s service, to the great regret of all the family, except Edmund, who rejoiced that the saucy monitor was no longer present to talk of prudence, or prevent pleasure.

In about six months, Sir William grew weary of retirement, and Lady Auburn impatiently sighed for dissipation: Edmund availed himself of the proper moment, and wrought them to his purpose. They returned to London, entered with more avidity than ever into every fashionable and expensive amusement; nor stopt their mad career, till Lady Auburn had consented to give up her jointure, and the last acre was gone. Sir William fell a victim to repentance, vice and shame: Edmund met with his proper reward, by being obliged to go out to one of our West-Indian settlements, with an ensign’s

commission. Lady Auburn retired with her daughter into the country, to live upon an annuity of about fifty pounds a year, which was generously settled upon her by the creditors during her life. The sweetness of Miss Auburn's temper, did not forsake her in this change of situation; and though she foresaw, that at her mother's decease she must be left destitute of support, she looked forwards with hope; and with composed resignation and pious fortitude, submitted to this humiliating reverse of fortune; by doing which, she taught her mother to bear her afflictions with less regret.

Not long after they were settled in a neat but humble cottage, within a few miles of the place in which they had once lived with so much splendour, they were told that a gentleman desired to speak with them, who had been shewn into their little parlour, by a girl (the only servant they kept.) When Lady Auburn and her daughter entered the room, they were struck with pleasing astonishment at seeing Godfrey. The venerable old man
arose

arose respectfully on their entrance—burst into tears—‘ Gracious God!’ he exclaimed, ‘ Why have I lived to this day, to see the ‘ grand-daughter of my ever dear and re- ‘ spected master, reduced to a situation so ‘ beneath her rank, so unworthy her worth ‘ and sweetness?—And you, my good lady, ‘ it wrings my heart to see you in such a ‘ house as this!’ Lady Auburn was affected, and welcomed the worthy creature, with tears of joy, to her humble habitation. Miss Auburn took him by the hand—‘ My good ‘ friend,’ said she, with her accustomed com-posure, ‘ grieve not for us: we are not so ‘ wretched as you may suppose. We have ‘ still sufficient to procure us all the necessaries ‘ of life, and many of its comforts. We have ‘ reconciled ourselves entirely, my dear God- ‘ frey, to the loss of its luxuries—it had been ‘ better for us, had we never been trusted ‘ with them. Several ladies in the neigh- ‘ bourhood have been very kind in sending ‘ me work. I am now painting a set of trim- ‘ mings for a friend, against the next birth-

‘ night, for which I shall be handsomely paid;
‘ we shall be quite-rich! You shall stay with
‘ us some days, and be witness to our hap-
‘ piness.—I will live with you,’ he cried, ‘ if
‘ you will give me leave: (I can afford to
‘ pay for my board) and attend you as usual.
‘ I have not a relation in the world. I am
‘ rich—all I have shall be one day yours:
‘ it will be no contemptible fortune. I
‘ always foresaw what would happen, and
‘ have kept myself in readiness, to fly to you
‘ in the hours of adversity. Excuse me,
‘ Miss Auburn, you were ever the darling of
‘ my heart. Many hours delight have you
‘ afforded your faithful Godfrey, in your
‘ prattling infancy; and your increasing vir-
‘ tues, as you grew up, created in my bosom
‘ a kind of parental fondness, which at times,
‘ I have found it difficult to suppress and
‘ conceal, as it was my place to do. Your
‘ sweetness of temper, my dear young lady,
‘ your kind attentions to me in sickness or
‘ distress, won my heart, and determined me,
‘ long ago, to make you my heir. I have
brought

‘brought an hundred pounds for any present
‘emergencies. My income, in future, shall
‘be at your disposal: you must, however,
‘still consider me only as your steward.’
Miss Auburn threw herself into his arms.—
‘My guardian friend! my second parent!
‘talk not of being our servant: you are our
‘equal; and, in generosity and goodness, far
‘our superior.—Never, never will we be so
‘cruel, as to rob you of the fruits of your
‘honest industry.—I shall die, if I may not
‘be permitted to attend you, my dear young
‘lady,’ cried Godfrey: ‘I must never leave
‘you more, unless you mean to destroy me—
‘I will be your servant whilst I live.’—‘Our
‘friend you mean,’ said Lady Auburn; ‘as
‘such, you shall live with me and Caroline.
‘She shall attend you in your declining
‘years: ’tis but a just return for your kindness
‘to her in infancy, and your friendship to her
‘almost unprotected and deserted youth.’—
‘What, then, is become of Mr. Rivers,
‘madam?’ said honest Godfrey; (his cheek
tinged with an indignant blush, and his eye

again glistening with a tear)—‘ Surely he has
‘ not forsaken you, my dear young lady:—
‘ if he has, I hope you have forgotten him.’
Miss Auburn left the room. Lady Auburn,
addressing her humble friend, informed him,
that, from the time the deranged state of Sir
William’s affairs became publicly known,
there had been a visible coldness in the pa-
rents of Mr. Rivers; and, from the time of
his death, the young gentleman’s visits had
been prohibited, on pain of being disinherited.
The prohibition has been obeyed, but the
lover remained constant, and sincerely la-
mented being obliged to give up his hopes;
but was determined, if Miss Auburn conti-
nued disengaged, to prove the sincerity of
his affection, by a second offer of his hand.—
‘ Then she shall be happy! since her lover
‘ is deserving of her; she shall be happy!’
said Godfrey: ‘ tis in my power, to put her
‘ in possession of a fortune, equal to that my
‘ master designed to give her, and it shall be
‘ done immediately—but she must let me be
‘ her servant—’tis all the reward I wish.—
Thank

“ Thank God, I shall yet live to see her
“ happy.”

It was with the greatest difficulty, Lady Auburn and her daughter could prevail upon this worthy man, to live with them upon terms of equality; to sit down at table with them, or to be treated as a friend, instead of an humble dependant. At length, they gained their purpose; but he never could conquer his diffident respect, to be present whenever any of the genteel families in the neighbourhood visited them. They soon removed into a better and more commodious house; two servants were added to the one who lived with them when Godfrey arrived at the village. Miss Auburn soon had an opportunity of informing her lover, of the sudden and unexpected change in her affairs. As the want of fortune, was the only objection his parents made to his marrying the daughter of their former friend, that obstacle removed, their consent was soon obtained by the impatient lover. Godfrey had the happiness of living with his young lady, of being

H 5

many

many years a witness to her felicity, and of seeing her eldest daughter as lovely and good-humoured as his beloved Miss Auburn. He was not only respected and revered for his virtues, whilst living, but lamented as a friend and parent, when summoned to receive the just reward of fidelity, generosity, and undissembled worth.

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UNCERTAINTY.

What said the vain, unthinking boy?—

Methought Hilario talk'd of joy!

Tell if thou can'st, whence joys arise,

Or what those mighty joys you prize.

You'll find (and trust superior years)

The vale of life a vale of tears.

Could wisdom teach where joys abound,

Or riches purchase them when found,

Wou'd scepter'd Solomon complain,

That all was fleeting, false, and vain?

DR. COTTON'S VISIONS.

HOW apt are we to complain of the Uncertainty of all worldly enjoyments and erroneously consider that Uncertainty, as a misfortune, which is in itself a real blessing, and one of the greatest mercies Providence could have bestowed on mortals! Did we know how some of our best schemes and

favourite plans were to terminate, we should sit down indolent and inactive, and take no pains to improve our knowledge, or increase our fortune: the arm of industry would often be rendered nerveless; and a thousand inventions and discoveries, would have been buried in total oblivion.

Were we acquainted with the hour in which we were to die, we should fix our thoughts so much on that gloomy period, that we might be said to die every hour of our lives, and should make no provision for posterity.

To take a retrospective view of a few years in any one's life, that have been distinguished by any singular events, or to speak in the language of romance (adventures) must afford infinite entertainment and surprise to a contemplative mind. I have, on my own part, often looked back with astonishment, at the revolutions which even one short week has occasioned, and which, could I previously have told what it would have produced, would have thrown a gloom over many preceding

ceding months. Death has robbed me of a relation; a friend has proved false; a parent has been struggling with disease; the world has been unkind; ingratitude has distressed me; and a thousand other unexpected changes have succeeded each other, that have made a total alteration in my sentiments and feelings.

The life of us, mortals, in this our varying pilgrimage, may very justly be compared to a book: the weeks we may consider as chapters, and the days as pages; which, when we first begin to read, we go on perusing with a mixture of hope, pleasure, and pain; but should often be tempted to throw it aside, did we know how the story would conclude.

What numberless vicissitudes, in the short period of a few fleeting years! We often see those whom we thought fortunate and happy, hurled in an instant from the top of fortune's wheel, into the dreaded cell of poverty and misery, and there left to pine away the residue of their days unnoticed, unpitied, unregarded. Others shall as rapidly emerge from the shades of obscurity, and be as suddenly brought

brought forwards, to figure and exult in the gay sun-shine of prosperity. The meteor shall be observed with wonder, and if it does not as suddenly evaporate as it was produced to our view, have a sufficient number of sycophants and flatterers to describe its magnitude, and praise its brilliancy.

It is with surprise I have often observed the lucky train of events which follow many; whatever they undertake shall prosper: others, with apparently superior merit, more shining abilities, better dispositions, and a clearer knowledge of the world, shall have to combat difficulties, and contend with a constant series of disappointments; every scheme, however well planned, shall fail of success, every project be overthrown, whilst to the eye of the keenest observation, no clue can be found, no cause discovered, for this wayward humour of good or ill fortune.

What then may be our portion of joy or sorrow in this world, let us never dare to breathe a wish to remove the friendly veil, which Providence has kindly thrown over
every

every future event. Did we know the sorrows which fate had ordained us to encounter, we should be so terrified at the prospect, that we should become unequal to the contest: or did we know the good which was to happen, we should be in equal danger from a contrary effect. Let us, therefore, rest satisfied with our situation, without forming the dangerous wish of prying into futurity. Were the veil removed, which the Almighty has, in mercy, made use of to conceal his dispensations, it would fatally convince us of our error, and the granting our request, would prove a severe punishment. He who created man, best knows how to conduct him through this wily labyrinth of trial and danger, and to protect him from a thousand unseen rocks and quicksands, upon which the gratifying his vain wishes would be the means of throwing him.

If we next consider the horrors and devastations of war, our wonder will be increased, and our restless and impatient spirits, eagerly call to be informed, why it should be ordained
that

that so many thousands of brave men, should fall a sacrifice to the pride and ambition of contending kings, and as often to the bad designs, secret contrivances, and intrigues of their aspiring ministers! Heaven knows, and 'tis fit that Heaven only should be acquainted with the wonderful and incomprehensible mystery: for 'tis Heaven's Lord, that alone can have supported so many noble and suffering martyrs, through such various scenes of horror, from which humanity retires affrighted.

Within the last few years, we have known almost the whole world engaged in the sad tragedy of war. How the piece would conclude, happily none could tell; and although every act was replete with misery, many of its scenes exhibited such proofs of public spirit, virtue, and heroic fortitude, as will ever reflect immortal honour on British valour, and strike terror to the souls of our united enemies. How often was private happiness sacrificed to the public good! the most tender ties severed and torn asunder, to give place

place to the love of glory, and the good of our country.

May the distresses of the suffering multitude, whilst they draw the tear of pity from the eye of sensibility, teach us resignation, and firm reliance on the will of that supreme and august Being, who cannot err, and whose wise dispensations, though they may appear with the rugged aspect of stern severity, are undoubtedly permitted for the benefit of society in general: and though we are not able to comprehend the cause of many things, which, as moral, our nature is prone to lament, we may rest assured, they will one day be explained to our satisfaction.

Let us, therefore, for the present, endeavour to remain satisfied, that, however mysterious the ways of Providence appear to us, short-sighted mortals, we shall, at the final closing of our account, discover, that the whole system was planned by unerring wisdom, and every event, the ordination of undeviating mercy.

May

May the following paper, and poetical epistle, convince you of the folly of not being satisfied with your situation, or cherishing a wish to have it altered.

The art of being miserable, is a study more universal than may at first be imagined. You can scarce mix with any company, without meeting with a regular professor. It is not confined to either sex; it is equally adopted by the ladies, as well as the gentlemen. A proficient in this art, views every object and every circumstance that occurs in life, on the most disagreeable and unfavourable side, and fixes it as an invariable rule, never to be pleased. The weather is an inexhaustible source of seasonable vexation. If it rains, there is no possibility of bearing it; this is such weather as Englishmen hang themselves in: if frosty, all the fruit will be destroyed, and we shall have no vegetables to eat: if it is warm, it is insupportable; it is worse than living under the line. The measures of government, afford another
ample

ample scope for being eternally displeased; for, as the minister cannot do any thing that can possibly be right, it necessarily follows, that all he does must be wrong. We are ruined by the gold act; distressed by the window tax; very little benefited by the duties being taken off tea and spirits; the axe is laid at the root of liberty by every new bill. Here is a glorious field for being happily out of temper all the session at least. An approaching general election, regenerates all the animadversions that can possibly be devised against bribery and corruption; the venality of parliaments, the sale of boroughs, and ministerial influence; and, if a man cannot work himself up to a fine glow of vexation upon these subjects, he is no proficient in the art of being miserable. But a regular professor does not confine himself to these great topics of disgust; he enters into all the minutiae of uneasiness. When alone, he upbraids Providence for placing him in a state so much inferior to his merit; raves at the caprices of that blind jade, Fortune; suspects every

every man's probity, and constantly imagines some scheme is laid for his destruction: in the world he gives credit to no intelligence, till it is in the Gazette, as the papers are crammed with lies; and then frequently suggests, it is violently exaggerated or softened, as the case may require, to serve some party or political purpose. In company, no story, however pleasant, can aggravate a muscle: singing is fit for women and children, and he has no ear for music. His dinner is always spoiled; the wine is constantly adulterated, the punch bad, and the beer sour or muddy. Even a fine woman cannot please him, as her vanity is insupportable.

The same traits, with some allowance for the difference of sex, may be traced in the female world. If she is not so deep in politics, she is far more deep in scandal; and there is not a woman, whom she considers as a rival in beauty or attractions, but is to be suspected of a faux pas, or some vice that is a disgrace to the sex. Her milliner is blind, as she never makes a cap to suit her; and her

mantua-

mantua-maker is out of her senses, for making her gowns so much out of fashion: her maids are aukward fluts, and lazy huffeys. The public places are crowded with nothing but low-life wretches; and the men are all (if she is an old maid) villains, seducers, deceivers, gamblers—(if married) unfeeling, inconstant, drunkards, unkind, and insensible wretches.

Having thus taken a disgust to every being; animate or inanimate, and every situation and circumstance that can possibly occur, we may venture to pronounce him, or her, as an adept in the art of being completely miserable.

A familiar epistle to a murmuring friend, who was often complaining, 'that his condition in life
' was worse than any body's.'

Then change your station, Momus—try some other—
Change for a better with some friendly brother;
I'll be your doctor, Sir, your kind adviser,
Change with some man that's mightier, wealthier, wiser.

' How

- ‘ How! change my station?—that’s a pleasing sound;
- ‘ But—tell me where a better may be found?
- ‘ Alas!—how know you but my envy’d neighbour,
- ‘ Beneath as grievous discontents may labour
- ‘ As I who murmur?’—

’Tis no doubtful case,

Most men’s complainings prove it to your face.

Lo! Cræsus struts, in treasures rich and great,

Yes—but his son is—squand’ring his estate.

Gripus’ full bags his eyes with pleasure fill—

But Gripus dreams of thieves and robbers still.

Cornubio’s heart is gen’rous, wife, and good;

But how’s his wife? No better than she shou’d.

How blest the bachelor! how free from strife!

True—but he’s inly pining for a wife.

Flatus, with titles how supremely blest,

Yes—if his conscience would but let him rest.

Bibo exults, in constitution stout,

True, and for this he thanks a ten week’s gout.

Some wish for children, others wish they’d none;

This lost an only daughter, that a son.

Some want promotions, others have too many;

Some hoard their thousands, and yet want a penny.

Some on a coach and four their passions fix;

Nothing is greater!—Yes, a coach and six.

Florella’s

Florella's dress as modish as you will,
And she were blest, but—Flavia's finer still.

Thus, keen vexations rise in various ways,
And, more or less, embitter all our days.
It naught avails, whate'er we call our own,
While peevish passions rule in Reason's throne.
Wealth, honour, pow'r, dominion, all is vain,
While selfish, envious, fretful humours reign.
Where then for succour shall poor mortals flee?
What brings contentment home to you and me?
Philosophy, with all her boasted train
Of fine conclusions, promises in vain.
Wit, genius, judgment, fine distinguish'd parts,
These fill our heads, but not content our hearts.
One source of bliss, and one alone, we find,
Can cheer the soul, and ease the murmur'ing mind.
Religion, blest Religion! thou alone
That treasure art, that grand catholicon!
By thy convincing, thy consoling light,
We take our station, and believe 'tis right:
The friendly, social, gentle, pious breast,
Sits on the rock of everlasting rest.

Thus wisdom points your way, and bids you still
Be virtuous, and be happy as you will.

CONTENT-

CONTENTMENT.

No man is happy, till he thinks on earth
There breathes not a more happy than himself.

YOUNG.

Temper misfortunes ever with content,
So rightly use the life that heaven hath lent:
What, tho' no gilded fret-work mark your door,
Short is the time that levels rich and poor:
Let none repine, whatever woes enthrall,
He who made all things, soon may alter all,

MOZEEN.

IN whatever situation of life, my children and young friends, kind Providence should place you, learn therewith to be content. Content is happiness: 'tis an inexhaustible treasure of invaluable sweets; it will soften the rude hand of affliction, encourage you to conquer difficulties, smoothe the

the rugged paths of life, and invigorate your souls to encounter the storms of adversity, in whatever shape they may assail you. Look not amongst those you think happier or more fortunate than yourselves, but turn your eyes on those who have fewer advantages and indulgencies: you must then be both weak and ungrateful, not to rest satisfied with your lot, and the portion of good things you enjoy. Few can find their situation so unpleasant, as not to discover others that are worse, and more distressing; neither is it a matter of such very great importance, what accommodations we meet, whilst we are but the passengers of a few fleeting years, half of which are spent in childhood and old age.

If we are poor, we may rest assured that we have fewer cares, and are less exposed to temptations than the rich. If we are rich, we should often recollect, that we are only stewards of that wealth, which Providence has put into our hands, for some wise and good purposes, and of which we must give an account. If we have used our trust as we

ought, like the just steward, we shall be rewarded; if unworthily, happy had it been for us, had we been poor as our first parents, when they were driven from Paradise. ‘It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.’—A convincing proof, that riches are dangerous possessions to those, who, forgetful of the intention for which they were designed, profusely squander a blessing, and transform it to a curse.

That Providence has more equally distributed its favours amongst us, than many are willing to allow, I never doubted one moment of my life. The placid and contented looks of the humble peasant, whose whole support depends on the labour of his hands, the cheerful resignation of the poor beggar, early in life convinced me of this important truth, and rendered me more indifferent to those captivating advantages of fortune, which so many pine in secret to possess. From what experience I have had in life, and from what
I have

I have seen of the world, I have always considered the middle class of people, as, by far, the happiest; their desires are confined to their situation, or seldom extend so far beyond it, as to give them an hour of serious regret. Though not permitted to live in slothful ease, and debilitating inactivity, many of them are exempt from actual labour; and the little fortune their industry has acquired, produces a thousand real enjoyments, which those born to affluence too often never know the real value of possessing. Their ambition does not step an inch beyond their situation: they know but little of pride. The plain food, which smoaks on their plentiful, though not luxurious tables, is a means of securing to those which sit around them, the blessings of health, whilst the neatness and simplicity of their accommodation, serve to increase their appetite. They are not only humble and contented, but secured from some of the greatest monsters which prey on the peace of mortals—pride, ambition, and luxury.

Yet has fortune its real enjoyments, when not improperly applied; and many of the pleasures and conveniences it can procure, are not only pleasing but desirable, and very few but sometimes wish to enjoy the comforts and advantages of independence, which if not born to inherit from our family or connexions, we have an undoubted right to use every fair and laudable method to obtain, from the profession or business in which we are engaged. To make a decent provision for a family, is the duty of every parent, more particularly those whose children have from their birth, been accustomed to enjoy the blessings of plenty, and have not been put in a way of life to make a proper provision for themselves. To gratify our own passions or extravagant humours at their expence, by leaving them unprovided or dependent on a merciless world, is a species of injustice and cruelty that must ever be justly censured, and in my opinion, is superior to that practised by the ferocious savages on their unfortunate captives.

Industry

Industry has a thousand delights unknown to the indolent and idle. Indolence has as many cares unknown to the industrious. Sweet are the reflections of those, who have employed their busy day of life to advantage. If success has crowned their endeavours, and procured them an easy chair for their old age, they enjoy it with thankfulness: if on the contrary, misfortunes have defeated their purpose, and disappointed schemes, cautiously planned and honestly executed, they can look back on their past lives, without finding their burthen increased by any self reproaches; and the consciousness of having deserved better success, will, in a great measure, serve to reconcile them to their disappointments.

Not so composed will the slothful and imprudent be able to look back, and take a retrospective view of the months and years which are gone, and gone for ever. The front of the picture will only serve to represent them as useless members of society, and the back ground of it, shew them, in most degrading colours, the folly of which they have

been guilty. Yet many of such useless cyphers are loud in their complaints against Providence, and the world; when, alas! only themselves have been to blame.

Man was made to perform an active part in the great drama of life; to encounter difficulties and discouragements, and to be resolute in his endeavours to conquer them. Life is too short, and too valuable, to be spent in idle inactivity, or in wayward repinings against the dispensations of Providence. Emulation should excite our utmost endeavours to excel in whatever we undertake, Prudence direct our actions, Religion inspire our souls with fortitude and resignation, whilst Patience should guide the reins 'to run the race which is set before us.' Then, though we are disappointed of uninterrupted success, we cannot fail of self-approbation; and having once obtained contentment, rest satisfied with either riches or poverty.

THE CONTENTED COTTAGER.

ADRASTUS, a man of deep erudition, profound reading, and a philosophical turn of mind, chose principally to reside in the country, chiefly for the uninterrupted pleasures of contemplation. He was a man, not only of learning and property, but of philanthropy, and equally celebrated in his neighbourhood for wisdom and generosity. It happened that one of his tenants, although he rented the smallest farm, and had a very large family depending on its cultivation, was by far the most cheerful, and well disposed. His cottage, though small, was dressed by the hand of neatness, and frugality, with simplicity, were ever the guardians that attended upon his happy family. All situations and all seasons, from the beginning of spring to the end of winter, were rendered delightful by the happy bias of his constitution, which enabled him to turn all events to his advantage. In sorrow he was humiliated, and in

prosperity he was grateful. He had lived as tenant of that very farm, when the father of Adrastus first took possession of the estate, of which it was a part; nor had he ever made a failure in the payment of his rent, nor ever had a quarrel in the parish. His toil was sweetened and alleviated by the pleasing thoughts of providing for his offspring; and this constant employment not only inspired him with health, but did not allow him leisure to indulge the whimsical wants of imagination, at the same time that it protected him from all improper, impertinent, or vicious passions. He had in his time put many estranged hands together; reconciled many pettish, peevish differences; settled many family breaches; suggested, while he was churchwarden, many a little scheme for the benefit of the poor; and never felt one emotion of envy, at surveying the possessions of the rich.

These unassuming, though solid virtues, gained him such a reputation in the county wherein he resided, that he obtained, as it were

were proverbially, the appellation of the 'Contented Cottager.'—He was, in truth,

"Passing rich, with forty pounds a year."

An account of him was transmitted to Adrastus, who went to pay him a visit, in order to see how true report had characterised him; for, though Adrastus lived and did much good in the country, yet his abstracted, philosophical, and sedentary situation, made him, personally, but little acquainted with even his own tenants, who were generally turned over to the steward, for the conversation and business of quarter-day.

A man of the contented cottager's disposition, however, was too important an object not to excite the curiosity of a philosopher; and, accordingly, he set apart one afternoon, or rather evening, on purpose for this entertainment. Adrastus arrived at the farmer's about half an hour after sun-set; when 'twilight grey had in her sober livery all things clad.' The farmer, whose name was Matthew Mendland, was sitting at the door

of his little cottage, smoaking his pipe, and surrounded by his children; his wife was leaning over the fire, preparing a decent and wholesome supper. The farmer knew his landlord personally, and rose, as to his superior, offering him the best seat in his homely cottage.

‘ Here your honour finds me,’ said the farmer, ‘ in a small, but happy place. I have been upon your ground these many days; and, if you think good to renew my lease, which expires at Michaelmas, I shall most likely end my life in your service. If your honour likes me, I like you. Your dues are always ready to the hour; and I have no more reason to complain of my landlord, than he has of his tenant: and so—.’ Adrastus interrupted him, by desiring to see the lease, and to have a pen and ink, for the purpose of renewing it upon the spot. ‘ As to pen and ink, Sir,’ replied the farmer, ‘ I have no use for them; and so I never keep any by me: I can’t read or write, and so such things are of no service

vice

‘vice—but, if your honour wants to write,
‘I can send to the shop for paper and ink,
‘and I can easily send one of my boys to the
‘green to pick up a quill; or, if your honor
‘is in a hurry, Tom shall borrow a feather
‘from the old gander, who is, I see, just
‘waddling to his bed.’—‘It don’t signify,
‘at present, farmer,’ said Adrastus; ‘I’ll
‘sign it another time. But don’t you really
‘know any thing about books? I actually
‘thought you was a scholar; that you had
‘employed all your spare time in study; that
‘you gathered your notions of economy,
‘industry, and paternal propriety, from his-
‘toric examples, or traditionary annals.’
‘No, really, Sir, not I,’ said the farmer, ‘I
‘am a very illiterate man. My father could
‘not afford to give me an education, and I
‘have had neither time nor opportunity
‘since. Nature and the use of my eyes,
‘have been my only instructors; and if I
‘have been able to live reputably to the age
‘of threescore, and even to rear up my chil-
‘dren soberly, cleanly, and virtuously, I owe

‘ it merely to them. Indeed, to say the
‘ truth, my business as a farmer, threw in my
‘ way a thousand instructive objects. My
‘ yard is stocked with improvement. At the
‘ end of that small slip of a garden, I have a
‘ bit of a bee-hive, filled with little industri-
‘ ous animals, who tell me, what a shame it
‘ would be to lead the life of a drone: my
‘ maxim upon this is, Sir, that he who don’t
‘ make some honey, ought to eat none; and
‘ so this made me indefatigable to earn my
‘ meal before I sat down to it. Nay, in
‘ this part of my duty, I am farther instructed
‘ by the little creatures who inhabit the mole-
‘ hill. Is it possible for a man to see the poor
‘ things hard at work for the day of necessity,
‘ and not take the hint, and lay up a modicum
‘ for his own family? I have rested
‘ upon my spade, Sir, on purpose to look at
‘ their labours, and then I have gone to
‘ work again, lest they should have the sense
‘ to chide me, for minding other people’s
‘ business more than my own. I have an
‘ old house-dog, your honour—Here, Hon-
esty,

‘ nesty, Honesty, where are you, Honesty?—
‘ He, Sir, that aged animal, has kept my
‘ clothes by day, and my cottage by night,
‘ till he has not got a tooth in his head; and
‘ he does for me, what I would do for one
‘ Thomas Trusty, whom I have loved since
‘ I was young, and no higher than my hand:
‘ he once did me a piece of service when it
‘ was most wanted, and while I have breath
‘ I shall never forget it. He, Sir, who has
‘ no gratitude, has no nature in him; and an
‘ unnatural man is better dead than alive,
‘ because when a person does no good to his
‘ neighbour, he has no business here. We
‘ are all born to do something, and he who
‘ does a kindness, deserves to be well re-
‘ membered for it. With regard to my
‘ duty as a husband, I learn that from the
‘ very pigeons that coo and court around my
‘ dove-house. To this dear old dame, I
‘ have been lawfully married forty years, and
‘ I cannot think what our great folks are
‘ about; I find such a pleasure in my con-
‘ stancy, as I am sure I could not receive
‘ from

‘ from inconstancy; and the smiles of a good
‘ woman are a rich reward. With regard
‘ to the love I bear to these little ones, I am
‘ taught the duty, which, as a father, I owe
‘ to them, by every living thing around me;
‘ the wren that builds her nest under my
‘ hovel, the fowls which peck about my yard,
‘ or swim upon my pond, the creatures
‘ which run about my pastures, teach me to
‘ be affectionate to their persons, and anxious
‘ for the preservation of my own offspring;
‘ and in this manner I have learned my lesson
‘ of wisdom and worship, truth and tender-
‘ ness, from the beasts of my fields, and the
‘ birds of the air.’

Here the good man paused, and directed
his eldest daughter to draw some of his best
harvest-home beer. Adrastus was astonished
at his simplicity of manners, and at the sound-
ness of his sense, as well as at the propriety
of his remarks. ‘ Farmer,’ said he, ‘ you
‘ have distressed me, as well as delighted me.
‘ I came prepared to offer you assistance,
‘ and you have left me nothing to bestow.
‘ I have

‘ I have nothing that you have not, but a
‘ greater proportion of money, and you are
‘ so truly contented as you are, that any ad-
‘ dition would, perhaps, disconcert the eco-
‘ nomy of your plan. You are a happy
‘ farmer, and a natural philosopher, without
‘ the use of large systematic folios, or the toils
‘ of a sedentary life. Give me, however,
‘ the lease, that I may put it in my pocket:
‘ I will tear the lease and——.

‘ How! your honour,” said the poor
alarmed farmer, ‘ tear my lease instead of
‘ renewing it! has then my freedom or my
‘ happiness offended you?”

‘ Yes, Mr. Mendland,” replied Adrastus,
‘ I will tear the lease, because you have no
‘ farther use for it. The little spot of ground
‘ you have so long enriched by your care,
‘ shall henceforth be a patrimony to your
‘ inheritance; you are the proprietor of it
‘ from this day. Call on me to-morrow
‘ morning, and the writings of surrender shall
‘ be made out for you; for the time to come
‘ I must be considered, not as your landlord,

‘ but your friend. Let me often see you at
‘ my table, and in my garden. In short, as
‘ frequently as the business of you family will
‘ permit, let me get that wisdom and under-
‘ standing, which surpasseth mere mechanical
‘ science, in the society of the contented cot-
‘ tager.’ The farmer would have dropt
upon his knee; but Adrastus prevented him,
saying, ‘ Rise, Mr. Mendland, the obliga-
‘ tion is on my side: I have been obliged.
‘ In exchange for a few acres, for which I
‘ have no occasion, you have given me a set
‘ of maxims and sentiments, that are as the
‘ purified, thrice refined gold of Ophir, and
‘ and shall never depart from me.’ From
this moment Adrastus and the farmer were
intimate companions. Oh, ye landlords and
tenants, ‘ Go ye, and do likewise!’

SERIOUS

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SERIOUS IMPRESSIONS.

'Tis thought my visions are too grave:
A proof I'm no designing knave.
Perhaps if interest held the scales,
I had devis'd far different tales:
Had join'd the laughing, low buffoon,
And scribbled satire and lampoon.

Come then, the closing scenes survey,
'Tis the last act which crowns the play.

DR. COTTON'S VISIONS.

I WAS ever of opinion, that whatever contributes to make a serious impression upon the human mind, and awakens it to a proper sense of the instability of all worldly enjoyments, and the far more important concerns of immortality, ought to be attended to. However trifling and unentertaining the following

lowing letter may appear to some of my readers, I not only venture to present it to them, but earnestly recommend it to their most serious consideration.

To the PARENTAL MONITOR.

‘ MADAM,

‘ BEING some weeks ago, on a visit to
‘ a relation, who lives in a pleasant market-
‘ town, about a hundred miles north of the
‘ metropolis, I one day went with him to
‘ church, to hear a charity sermon, which
‘ was annually preached there, in conse-
‘ quence of a will made by a Mr. Wright,
‘ who left a considerable donation to the
‘ town.

‘ The congregation were assembled, and,
‘ as is too often the careless and indecent
‘ custom, many of them were compliment-
‘ ing each other with courtesying, news, in-
‘ vitations, &c. &c. and till the clergyman
‘ began, some were laughing, or playing with
‘ their lap-dogs, others dosing, or endea-
‘ vouring

‘ vouring to drive away their drowsy fit with
‘ a pinch of snuff.

‘ For my own part, Madam, I acknow-
‘ ledge I was not much better employed. I
‘ took out my opera-glass, and amused myself
‘ with looking round the church, secretly
‘ condemning the painter for giving so re-
‘ spectable a character as Moses, so unbe-
‘ coming a dress, and Aaron such an unrea-
‘ sonable length of beard: I proceeded to
‘ make my observations on the congregation,
‘ stared confidently, with my London airs
‘ and impudence, at a pretty young girl,
‘ (who was kneeling humbly in the next
‘ seat) in order to see how a blush would
‘ become her, and to shew I was a man of
‘ the ton, by knowing how to put modesty
‘ out of countenance.

‘ But how was my pride, my folly, and
‘ levity, with that of many other triflers like
‘ myself, humbled and corrected, and our
‘ attention employed in a more serious and
‘ important manner, by the sudden entrance
‘ of a funeral, equally unexpected to others

‘ as

‘ as to myself! It was well conducted, and
‘ attended with unusual solemnity; the organ
‘ played a solemn dirge, and its awful and
‘ mournful sounds, made a still deeper im-
‘ pression.

‘ Good God! how was the scene of a
‘ moment changed! every one seemed to
‘ shrink into themselves, whilst contemplating
‘ the melancholy scene before them. Tri-
‘ fling and folly could be seen no more: the
‘ clergyman with a solemn and audible voice
‘ began the service; proper psalms and les-
‘ sons were read, suitable to the occasion.
‘ The sermon not only did justice to the
‘ virtues and good qualities of the deceased,
‘ but so beautifully described the benign in-
‘ fluence of benevolence, as found way to
‘ every feeling heart, and plainly denoted
‘ the unaffected piety and goodness of the
‘ preacher; the tenor of whose life, as I was
‘ informed by many of his parishioners, cor-
‘ responded with the precepts he so earnestly
‘ endeavoured to inculcate.

‘ The

‘ The
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earth:

‘ The coffin stood upon the bier till the service of the church was ended, a silent admonisher to all around, and most solemnly enforced the sacred truths we heard. Almost every eye was drowned in tears, and when the funeral rites were ended, we all mournfully departed to our respective habitations, in a very different humour from that in which we had left them.

‘ I inquired who the person was, whose remains had conveyed so serious a lesson of instruction, before they were enclosed in the dreary mansions of the tomb.

‘ I was informed they were the remains of a venerable and good old man, whose blameless life had been one continued scene of afflicted virtue, and suffering piety, and who had been, at his own particular request, placed amongst his surviving friends, that should on that day, be assembled in the church, in order to impress one serious lesson before he was carried to his parent earth: and having proved a friend and ex-

‘ ample

‘ The

ample in life, he was a monitor even in death.

That the scene might have greater influence, and none prevented being present, very few were apprized when the funeral was to be solemnized, till it entered the church.

Well, indeed, did it answer the pious design for which it was intended. Many who never would have mortified themselves to hear the burial service read, were in a manner cheated into hearing one of the most beautiful and solemn compositions, that the piety and genius of man ever produced;—for my part, Madam, I shall never forget the awful and striking solemnity of the scene, and would recommend funerals being sometimes conducted in every parish in the same manner.

Nor shall I, whenever I see any one disposed to laugh, sleep, trifle, or behave irreverently in the house of God, fail to recollect the solemn entrance of Acasto, and by that

means

means be securely armed against the power of example.

‘ ORLANDO.’

As the following vision will be no improper companion to the above letter, I thought it a good opportunity to insert it in this place; it unites instruction with fiction, and morality with genius and invention:

V I S I O N.

‘ I was the other evening reflecting upon the various incidents by which Providence brings to a period the life of man. I pursued my contemplations on this subject, till it was time to return to my pillow, and then they attended me, by the assistance of fancy, after I fell asleep.

‘ I thought I was of a sudden transported to an immeasurable plain, thickly shaded on both sides by rows of the cypress tree, which appeared to have been growing to the venerableness which they then boasted, more than two hundred years: from these,

at

‘ at equal distances, were to be seen, huge
‘ clumps of yew, clustering together, inter-
‘ weaving their boughs, and hanging their
‘ melancholy and heavy heads over the dark
‘ and rank grass, which they overshadowed
‘ to a prodigious extent. I was, while sur-
‘ veying this extraordinary scene of gloom,
‘ overtaken by a young person apparelled in
‘ white, with a wand in his hand; his locks
‘ lying on his left shoulder, and his air not so
‘ much consistent with our ideas of this
‘ world, as that above us. He touched my
‘ shoulder with his wand, and I was obliged
‘ by its virtue, to break short my step, and to
‘ stand fixed.

“ Mortal,” said he, “ how hast thou got
“ admittance, with that hue of health on thy
“ cheek, into these regions? Here none are
“ suffered to enter but the palid cheek, the
“ sickly complexion. But I see curiosity in
“ thy eye, and it shall, in pity to thy youth,
“ be gratified.” ‘ Saying this, I took hold
‘ of the skirt of his raiment, and followed
‘ him, trembling. The gloom increased as
‘ I went

“ I went deeper into the place, and presently
“ we crossed the plain, and entered a grove,
“ in which the darkness was just visible !
“ After a little time, I saw, scattered through
“ the wood, several little habitations, lighted
“ only by single tapers, and some were wholly
“ dark. I trembled from head to foot.
“ Fear not,” said my guide, “ this is the
“ Grove of Fate, and those houses you see
“ before you, belong to the servants of the
“ Grand Monarch, commonly called the
“ King of Terrors, whose palace you will
“ presently be a spectator of.” I would have
“ retreated. He took me gently by the
“ hand, and resumed his discourse. “ On the
“ left hand of you is the ditch of diseases. In
“ this first habitation, dark and dreary as
“ Erebus, through which you see yon taper
“ glimmering, resides the demon of war.
“ Hark, how the hammers clink, with which
“ he is preparing chains for one country, and
“ victory for another. In yon shop are bags
“ of *evil suggestion*, by which he sets opposite
“ kings at variance. In the next hut, where
VOL. II. K “ you

“ you observe the fire, lives the fury whom
“ you call upon earth Fever. His instruments
“ are all keenly pointed, red hot, and burn
“ to dust whatever they come near: it is his
“ ambition to carry off his victim in twenty-
“ four hours; and when he is ordered by the
“ Grand Monarch to taint the blood, he will
“ frequently begin with the son and end with
“ the father. But opposite to him is a de-
“ mon ten times more potent and pernicious
“ than Fever: behold he is just peeping
“ through the grating of his den; for that
“ being is hateful even amongst the Society
“ of Distempers. His name is Leprosy,
“ and in the same cave with him resides his
“ sister, a most horrible spectre, who plun-
“ ders health, poisons beauty, consumes the
“ flesh. She is known in the world by the
“ detestable name of Prostitution. At a
“ small distance, but apart from others, for
“ even here he is condemned to quarantine,
“ dwells a power who sweeps away towns at
“ a single stroke; and when it is permitted
“ him to range as he pleases, he has been
“ known

“ known to go through a whole city, and
“ almost depopulate it before night: if he
“ were not confined, he would subdue even
“ the officers of disease themselves. He is
“ called Pestilence. In that hut, hid almost
“ amongst the foliage of yew, sits a fullen
“ power, who seldom speaks to any in the
“ village of death, altho’ he hath a pretty
“ extensive empire, and particularly very
“ large dominions in that division of the
“ globe which is called England. I, who
“ can see farther than you, and to whom this
“ darkness is light, can inform you, that he
“ is now sitting sadly by himself, with his
“ head upon his breast, his eye heavy, his
“ arms folded within one another, and a
“ frown knitting on his brow, as if he was
“ angry. His name is Intemperance; he is
“ often accompanied by Madness, of whom
“ all the diseases are afraid.

“ Take especial notice of that personage
“ whom you see staggering into the ninth
“ hut on the right hand side, leading to the
“ palace of Death. He has been disturbing

“ the business of all the diseases; the *Grove*
“ of *Death* is constantly in an uproar upon
“ his account, and the King of Terrors finds
“ him so troublesome, that were he not so
“ serviceable a subject in other respects, he
“ would be only fit to reside in Tartarus.
“ He sings, swears, raves, prays, dances, and
“ defies earth and heaven, and even speaks
“ rank treason against the monarch, all in a
“ breath:—his name is Dissipation. Take
“ care, let him not see you, his very look
“ is infectious, and as he generally carries
“ a bumper in one hand, and a purse in the
“ other, he is armed against you with a
“ double temptation. In a word, he ruins
“ more young people than all the rest of the
“ diseases put together.”

‘ The guide now conducted me into a
‘ forest, near the entrance of which, a dark
‘ but magnificent building, shaded by im-
‘ mense trees of aconite, yews, cypress, hem-
‘ lock, and other bitter vegetables, made
‘ their appearance. At the door, sitting in
‘ sober mourning, hemmed and bound with

‘ an embroidery, which represented darts,
‘ poignards, fire, &c. &c. was a tremendous
‘ person, whom I knew to be the King of
‘ Terrors. A sort of breast-plate depended
‘ from his neck, on which were embossed
‘ figures of all the diseases I had seen, and
‘ an hundred others that I had not time to
‘ notice. A dark quill, as if plucked from
‘ the sooty wing of the Raven of Fate, if
‘ such a bird there be, was in his hand, and
‘ several forms, amongst which seemed to be
‘ Consumption, Apoplexy, and Gout, were
‘ waiting for their mittimus of destruction.
‘ Presently I saw an old, limping, long-
‘ bearded creature crawl about the palace,
‘ with a long list of names fated to fall that
‘ day, a scythe, and an hour-glass. I was
‘ so much alarmed, and so much terrified by
‘ these dreadful images, and still more, from
‘ the idea of being within view of death
‘ himself, not knowing but my own name
‘ might be marked down in the list of de-
‘ struction for the next hour, that I had only
‘ time to understand from my guide, that he

‘ was named *Natural Decay*, who was the
 ‘ son of Temperance, and did not look be-
 ‘ yond middle age, before I awoke, and to
 ‘ the very bottom of my heart, was glad to
 ‘ find that it was but—a dream.’

‘ from his
 ‘ of all the diseases I had seen, and
 ‘ hundred others that I had not time to
 ‘ notice. A dark cloud as it plucked from
 ‘ the lofty wing of the Raven of Fate, it
 ‘ such a bird there he, was in his hand, and
 ‘ several forms, amongst which seemed to be
 ‘ Consumption, Apoplexy, and Gout, were
 ‘ waiting for their victims of destruction.
 ‘ I trembled I saw an old, limping, long-
 ‘ bearded creature crawl about the palace,
 ‘ with a long list of names rated to fall that
 ‘ day a stone, and an hour-glass. I was
 ‘ to much stunned, and so much terrified by
 ‘ these dreadful images, and still more from
 ‘ the idea of being within view of death
 ‘ himself, not knowing but my own name
 ‘ might be marked down in the list of de-
 ‘ struction for the next hour, that I had only
 ‘ time to understand from my guide, that he
 ‘ was

THE

THE TWO CLOUDS.

A FABLE.

THE sceptic culls each Christian flow'r,
 And places it in Reason's bow'r;
 Then cries that Nature's strength explores
 Heav'n's deepest laws, and richest stores;
 That Revelation's but deceit,
 Vain, useless, and an empty cheat.

A cloud in Iris' beams array'd,
 Each sister cloud with scorn survey'd.
 'Hence fly,' the painted vapour cries,
 'Ye tribe whom gods and men despise,
 'Nor longer kindred dare to claim
 'With one who spurns your wretched name!
 'To whom ev'n Sol himself must yield,
 'Proud as he holds his dazzling shield.
 'What tho' he dart his scorching rays?
 'Tis but an undistinguish'd blaze.
 'No eye e'er saw his orb disclose
 'The crimson tincture of the rose,

The

- ‘ The violet’s dejected blue,
- ‘ Or polianthus’ mingled hue.
- ‘ While the proud monarch of the skies
- ‘ In one white glare must ever rise,
- ‘ Each tint adorns my spangled bow,
- ‘ Which heaven, earth, air, or seas can show!’

- ‘ What insolence!’ a cloud exclaims,
- ‘ Vile upstart! deck’d with borrow’d beams!
- ‘ A watry cloud just now you hung,
- ‘ Dark and unnotic’d in the throng;
- ‘ ’Till Sol himself, whom you abuse,
- ‘ Illum’d you with his mingled hues;
- ‘ And when he shall withdraw his rays,
- ‘ Your colours fade, your form decays.
- ‘ Hence, empty being of an hour!
- ‘ Nor dare to scorn thy Maker’s pow’r.’

She spoke, and sail’d along the sky
 ‘Twixt Phœbus and the rainbow’s dye;
 And now the vapour’s tints adorn
 The cloud that lately was her scorn.

AN

ELEGY.

ENWRAPT in thought, replete with Stygian gloom,
Near Arno's flow'ry banks I pensive stray'd:

By fancy led, I sought Camilla's tomb;

Nor fear'd the clouds ripe bursting o'er my head.

Unmov'd I saw the boist'rous storm descend,

Heard the loud tempest howl, the whirlwind roar,

I saw the forest in confusion bend,

And black destruction wide o'erwhelm the shore.

Mute Melancholy, mother of Despair,

Drew from my breast the warm impression'd sigh,

Remembrance aggravated every care,

And the big drop stood quiv'ring in my eye.

And art thou gone? I said. Sweet maid, adieu;

Thou lovely blossom of so fair a spring,

With thy unnumber'd virtues in his view,

Thy willing bard his votive wreath shall bring.

To deck thy urn each flow'ret will he twine,
 Cull every sweet, wherever sweet may be ;
 Pluck the chaste rose-bud from Diana's shrine,
 And dedicate the humble mite to thee.

For thee when Eve, her dewy fingers cold,
 Robes the still world in stole or sullen night;
 When silence waves her banners o'er the fold,
 And the pale stars withhold their feeble light.

For thee beneath the mould'ring arch I stray,
 And dare the perils pendant o'er my head ;
 Where death directs his dart I urge my way,
 Unmov'd by danger, unappall'd by dread.

From where huge rocks o'erhang the boist'rous deep
 In sad suspense I cast my weary eyes ;
 Whilst grief, with whom I sorrowing vigils keep,
 Smites the full urns, and bids their waters rise.

Thus, thus, fair saint, my joyless hours I spend,
 Those hours, ah! once devote to love and thee!
 Would bounteous heaven to earth thy equal lend,
 My heart's first wish I once again should see.

But

But ah! not heav'n's bright mansions can bestow

A maid like thee for virtue fam'd and worth:

But one bright sun thro' yon expanse can glow;

But one Camilla can illumine earth.

If yet attentive to a mortal's pray'r,

Thy pure shade pitying views the sons of clay,

Look down! look down! and witness my despair,

And shew, ah! shew me the celestial way.

By thee inspir'd, my roving mind no more

O'er earth's vast orb shall wing her wayward flight,

No worldly thought shall wreck me on the shore

Where folly reigns the queen of fable night.

Why then should heaven thus snatch thee from our view?

Why, why permit so very short a stay?

So from the cowslip's eye the pearly dew,

Sipt from the new-born sun, dissolves away.

DEATH.

K 6

But

 D E A T H.

Oft let me range the gloomy isles alone,
 (Sad luxury, to vulgar minds unknown)
 Along the walls, where speaking marbles show
 What worthies form the hallow'd mould below;
 Proud names, who once the reins of empire held,
 In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd;
 Chiefs grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood,
 Stern patriots, who for sacred wisdom stood;
 Just men, by whom impartial laws were giv'n,
 And saints who taught, and led the way to heav'n.

TICKELL.

MY children, and young friends,—having
 address'd you on many important
 subjects, such as were most essential to fortify
 your minds against the dangers and allure-
 ments of vice, and the frivolous absurdities
 of folly, in her most delusive shapes and flat-
 tering disguises—having endeavoured to con-
 vince

vince you of the superior excellence, advantages and comforts, to be obtained by keeping up an unremitting intercourse with religion and virtue; and of the absolute necessity of being steady in the practice of your various duties, in order to secure yourselves a portion of temporal happiness, and an unceasing reward in the mansions of the blessed.—I mean, for the present, to take my leave of you at the conclusion of this paper, which I entreat you will peruse with the most serious attention; and though it may prove less interesting and entertaining than many of the foregoing, it may, and I trust will, serve sometimes to remind you of an event, which, as it must one day take place, ought to be frequently recollected in the days of youth and health, lest you find yourselves unequal to the contest, when the awful moment of trial arrives, and all the beguiling delusions of life have lost their influence.

“ The last enemy that shall be destroyed
“ is death: for he hath put all things under
“ his feet.”—To his power we are all sentenced

tenced to submit: yet there is a something within us that shrinks from his cold and iron hand, accompanied with a solemn dread of that alarming period, which is to terminate our mortal pilgrimage. Strange that it should be so! whilst so many mouldering graves, are daily to be seen in every church-yard through which we pass, and the humble memento's placed at their head, tell us such various histories of those they serve to commemorate, and by their different accounts of the ages of those who are sleeping beneath the little hillock, which is all that now remains of their earthly possessions, and which afford a striking, though silent lesson of wisdom, to all who will stop to peruse them, by convincing us, no period of our lives can boast a moment's security; and that the uncertain tenure on which we are permitted to hold them, is an unanswerable argument for our being familiar with Death, and constantly prepared for his reception.

Set apart a few moments of every returning day for contemplation on this awful subject.

Let

Let not its seriousness affrighten you, nor its solemnity prevent your giving it entrance to your minds. Since we were born to die, why should we endeavour, or wish, to forget the most important business of our lives, or foolishly dare to hazard putting off our preparation for death, a neglect which can admit of no justifiable excuse, which will give the stern tyrant a thousand additional horrors, if we are surpris'd unawares, with all our imperfections uncorrected, our account unsettled, and our errors unrepented! Neither defer, till your faculties are impaired, and your vigour decreased, your endeavours to familiarize yourselves with that dreaded adversary to whom you must submit, and with whom it requires the soundest judgment, the strongest resolution, to be at all times reconciled.

'Tis undoubtedly an erroneous opinion, that only the wicked are intimidated, or feel any serious alarms at the approach of death. Many good people are unable to encounter that king of terrors with the fortitude which
might

might be expected, from the rectitude and guiltless tenor of their lives. The trying conflicts of a celebrated and eminent writer, in his last moments, have fully proved the truth of this assertion: yet those who smarted from the austerity of his humour, and even his enemies will allow, that he was religious, temperate, charitable, just; and that the idea of having given pain to any one, occasioned him many uncomfortable moments; the shaft with which he had wounded others, often recoiling upon himself. But why need I call in any recent testimony to confirm this painful truth, when the sacred writings afford us such undoubted authority, that to fear death has been the lot of man from the beginning of the world? Even our blessed Saviour himself was not entirely exempt from this fear, when he called upon his Father in the following emphatical words:—" O my
" Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass
" from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but
" as thou wilt."

Perhaps

Perhaps it would be impracticable for any arguments, however rational and persuasive, entirely to subdue this fear of dying, even in the most virtuous and exemplary characters: the relative and tender ties of nature, the various and interesting duties annexed to them, the charms of affluence, the blessings and pleasures which are profusely strewn in the flowry path of many of our fellow-creatures, are the fascinating chains which bind them to earth, the easy fetters to which they yield themselves voluntary captives, and which even tempt them to wish the tremendous name of Eternity had never been pronounced, or that a less alarming guide than Death, had been appointed to introduce them to its awful and unknown confines. Alas! these distressing fears, these alarming doubts, more fully prove the inconsistency and frailty of our nature, and are convincing testimonies, how little we know our real interest.

What is this Death that we so much dread? A mere imaginary tyrant.—We may surely call sleep his brother; yet we
resign

resign ourselves to sleep with serenity and composure, and, fond as we are of life, often sacrifice a larger portion of it, than is needful for our refreshment, in this temporary kind of dying.

Death is interwoven with our nature. We often bring with us into the world, the seeds of that disease which is to carry us out of it again. We may justly be said to live by Death. The epicure is indebted to it, in a great measure, for the rarities and profusion which decorates his table, and pampers his taste; and often, in the very moments we most fear to die, we hazard the life we are anxious to preserve, either in the pursuit of pleasure, the indulgence of our appetites, or the gratification of our unruly passions. Yet, so strange and inconsistent is the disposition of us, pusillanimous, discontented, wayward mortals, that when called upon to meet our dreaded adversary, by a summons from our Maker, we tremble at the fiat, and anxiously wish it deferred to a more distant period.

When

When we seriously sit down to recollect our beginning, and for what purpose we were formed, why should we be so unwilling to rest on the bosom of our parent earth? When we take an impartial view of that world by which our hearts are enslaved, but in which we have so many dangers and storms to encounter, and find so many of our designs, hopes, and wishes disappointed, in which even our very pleasures are so dangerous, surely it will lead us to consider the grave as the harbour of peace, and Death as the friendly pilot, who alone can steer our shattered bark into its safe and secure port. Beyond the gloomy confines of the grave, what a delightful prospect opens to our view! No pain, no sorrow, no loss of friends, no dread of poverty, and its numerous ills, no more to fear from our own erring nature! But an eternity of bliss, in the society of our God, our Redeemer, and a host of angels, with millions of our fellow-creatures, become immortal, and rejoicing in each other's happiness; whose pure and spotless souls, having passed through the

the valley of Death, are surely landed on that happy shore of everlasting rest, at which all have it in their own power to arrive.

What is there in this precarious and trying world, sufficiently ensnaring to hold captive the soaring wishes of a being, formed for immortality, placed within it for a probationary trial of their virtue?

“ Man that is born of a woman hath but a
“ short time to live, and is full of misery.
“ He cometh up, and is cut down like a
“ flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and
“ never continueth in one stay.”

“ Behold thou hast made my days as it
“ were a span long: and mine age is even
“ as nothing in respect of thee: and verily,
“ every man living, is altogether vanity.”

“ For man walketh in a vain shadow, and
“ disquieteth himself in vain: he heapeth up
“ riches, and cannot tell who shall gather
“ them.

Could our days, to please and gratify our lingering wishes and unsatisfied desires, be lengthened to an hundred, or an hundred and

fifty

fifty years, how sad, cheerless and distressing should we find their conclusion! Our friends and acquaintances gone, a new race started up, eager to push us off the stage, our tender affections entombed with our departed friends, the order of nature reversed, and even our children summoned before us! Alas! the life thus granted to our prayers, would, in its slow and painful progress, sufficiently prove the folly of those wishes, and a severe punishment in their gratification. We should be, too late, convinced, by the numerous and increasing infirmities which every added year would produce, that the enemy we dreaded to encounter, would have proved our best and truest friend.

Can he, therefore, justly be called a tyrant, who summons us from pain, sorrow and disappointment, with all the ten thousand agonizing trials, to which, as mortals, we must be exposed, in order to conduct us to those pure regions, where the sad catalogue of human miseries are all unknown; where we shall

shall be reunited to those we love, and from whom we can be separated no more.

Let your lives be blameless, and Death will insensibly be disrobed of his greatest terrors. Be always prepared for his approach; and when you are satisfied he cannot surprize you unawares, you will cease to regret that you must share with others, the trial allotted for all mankind.

Reason thus with life:

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would reck; a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skiey influences,
That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict; merely thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still.

SHAKESPEARE.

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